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EVENING AT HOME.

Then Katie, or May, as night grows in the room,
With the sweetness of some dear old tune fills
the gloom,
As she plays, through my brain steals its feeling,
till there
I could dream night away in my own easy-chair!
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own easy chair,
What dreams come to me in my own easy-chair!

Then rhymes come unbidden, as feeling grows
strong,
Through head, lip and pen, fancy hurries along,
And songs leap to birth, to some still voiceless
air,
And a poet I seem in my own easy-chair;
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own easy chair,
The muse loves me well in my own easy-chair!

Oh, Emma, my good, true, my own darling wife,
Through the worst cares of day how it gladdens
my life
To think that at evening your face will be there,
Looking love to me, stretched in my own easy-
chair;
Oh my own easy-chair,
My own easy chair,
(How dear comes that voice to my own easy-
chair!)—W. C. Bennett.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

Although Ishmael had named an early hour the following day for their departure from London to Brighton, it was not until late in the afternoon that all his arrangements were completed. The five o'clock express was the train he selected, and in but little more than an hour beyond that time a carriage received them at the Brighton terminus, and proceeded at a dashing pace down the Queen's-road and West street, took its way along the King's-road, and ultimately halted at a magnificent mansion in Brunswick-terrace. A thick haze arising from the sea prevented the occupants of the carriage from seeing anything save the brilliant lights dimmed by the fog, or the glimmering lamps, placed few and far between on the edge of the footway.

Still adhering to the regulation Ishmael had established, each dined in their apartment alone, and retired to rest without again meeting that night.

Violet, absorbed in the delightful probability of again seeing Cyril Kingswood, took but little heed of her new surroundings, and though she had never seen the sea, she felt indifferent to her close proximity to it, and did not once draw the window-blind aside to attempt to get a view of it, even though she had heard Ishmael, as they drew near to the house at which they had alighted, say that it was enveloped in fog.

One new and strange thing she became conscious of, but not until she had retired to rest, and that was a peculiar, mournful, rushing sound, repeated and subsiding at regular intervals. It reminded her of her forest-home, when the wind sighing through the trees, preparatory to a storm, swept through boughs, branched, and tree-tops, away and stirring the leaves, compelling them to chant a low, monotonous swelling, complaining, moaning strain, soothing and pleasing to those accustomed to such wild, plaintive music, but depressing and even terrifying when heard by others who live in busy and populated places, where such sounds are seldom or never heard.

In the ear of Violet the surge and break of the sea upon the shore, the long roll of the descending shingle, as it followed the retreating wave to be again cast up, although she knew not what occasioned them, were sounds inexpressibly grateful. Again she sat in her leafy home with Cyril by her side, again she listened to his tender sentiments, so soft and so musically breathed in her willing ear, and gazed with his fond eyes, not less loving and ardent in their expression than her own.

And so she was by this tender, murmuring, complaining music wooed to sleep, thinking of Cyril as she sank into slumber, and living over the past with him in her happy, happy dreams.

The sunlight awakened her, the gradually brightening beams penetrating through her window-blinds filled her apartment with their golden rays, and seemed to bring with them a fire-breath and animation to her spirits.

She arose and attired herself. She threw open her casement, and started back with a cry of astonishment and delight. What a sight met her gaze!

The wind had changed from the east to the south, and the haze had all disappeared. Before her was an expanse of ocean, bounded only by the sky, on the right by the spur of land upon which the town of Worthing stands, on the left by tall cliffs. The sea was as calm as a lake and as blue. Upon its still surface rested a few fishing-boats at anchor, rising and falling gently as though they were reposing upon the breast of a prostrate sleeping giant, and their motion was created by the gradual coming and going of his breath.

Immediately beneath her eyes was a broad, well-kept roadway, and beyond that, stretching down to the beach, a green slope also well kept, and from its proximity to the shingle shore, especially pleasant and attractive to the eye.

A few pedestrians were slowly pacing to and fro, and some fishermen were stretching their arms and hesitating whether they would lean against the rails before them on their bent arms or with their backs.

Although yet early in the morning and early, too, in the spring, some bathing-machines were standing in the sea, mid-wheel in depth, and some singular-looking objects in yellow oilskin caps and dark-blue dresses, strikingly denuded of crinolines, were, with ropes about their waists, bobbing up and down in the quiet water, something after the style of dancing dervishes.

The air seemed so fresh, the sky so clear and bright, a fleecy, lazy cloud only here and there mottling the wide expanse of blue; the hum of increasing traffic, the plaintive beat of the sea as it ran up the shore broke in a thin line of white foam, receded only to return and repeat its chafing. The whole scene, in fact, was so new, so strange, so brilliant, and so attractive, that Violet, quite enchanted, stood at her window gazing eagerly in all directions, until her attendant summoned her to the less romantic, but not less essential to health and comfort prospect, of a well-furnished breakfast table.

Violet had no eyes or thoughts for her morning meal; she thought only of the novel and beautiful scene she had beheld, and of the probability that she should again see Cyril in this fair place.

It was with no little pleasure that she, at a later period of the morning, complied with Ishmael's request to accompany himself and Erlie in a walk upon the esplanade. At his desire, she enveloped her features in a thick veil, as this would enable her, although he did not explain to her his object in wishing her to do this, to observe and notice the persons whom she met, and other objects worthy of attention, without herself attracting attention of a character likely to confuse and embarrass her.

The hour approached noon, and the walks and the beach itself, at a certain part, were thronged with visitors. Though not what is termed the Brighton season, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of promenaders, most of them evidently persons of good station, and, not a mean proportion, individuals of distinction.

As they wended their way slowly along, accosted every few steps by polite boatmen, who, with fingers raised to their temples, desired to know if they would "like to have a sail dismorn." Fine morn' for a sail," although there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and not a ripple on the sea, Violet

regarded with some surprise the costume adopted generally by the crowds of young and handsome ladies, who passed at a somewhat brisk and martial step to and fro. The small hats, perched upon the tops of their heads, originally affected by the Spanish contra-bandists, displayed more openly even than the little bonnets which had at one time been the fashion, the charming faces which the fair owners certainly betrayed no intention of concealing. The figures, petite and graceful, were in some instances set off to advantage by tightly-fitting cloaks or hidden under-capes fashioned like those occasionally worn by the sterner sex. The skirts of the dresses were unusually amplified and caught up in most instances sufficiently high to exhibit an under-garment of the most brilliant colors, and ankles encased in startling-hued hose, abruptly terminated by the smallest and most beautifully-shaped Balmoral boots in the world.

Violet, in her innocence, charmed with the beauty of these young, singularly attired ladies, believed them to be natives of some other land; yet she thought that they could be hardly strangers to this clime, for their glances, though but glances, were directed upon the many elegantly-dressed gentlemen as they passed, and those of the gentlemen upon them. Some of the gentlemen, too, wore hats similar to those adopted by the young ladies, and she thought them odd and silly, but still everyone seemed to pass them without particular notice, so she assumed that it was "native to the custom," and though possibly very ridiculous if worn in London, still quite proper to the place she was then in.

In the roadways there were singers dressed in the costume of one of the Swiss cantons, warbling airs from favorite operas, while in other parts there were German bands making morn hideous by their detestable uproar. In a quiet spot would be seen a being with a yellow face, to which water had long been a myth, black, ragged moustaches, and long, greasy, black hair, apparently ill of a song by a favorite composer. And further on a body of negro minstrels might be heard going through a rapid performance on tamborine and bones, as if they expected the immediate approach of a policeman to put an end to their exhibition before they could have time to collect their reward from a smiling but not very liberal crowd of spectators of the humble class.

A musical performance of a different kind, at the same time, was taking place upon the beach in front of the Bedford Hotel. A respectable body of musicians, styled the town band, here executed with skill, precision and an excellence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, overtures, pieces, polkas, waltzes, and other music. And here a very large assemblage of the principal visitors congregated, some seated on chairs, others on benches, and not a few upon the steps of bathing machines, of which at this part there is a long line.

Ishmael paused here for a few minutes to enable Violet to see a phase of life entirely new to her. Interspersed with ladies and gentlemen were children, attended by nurse-maids, actively engaged in grabbing holes in the sand and shingle, or gazing with admiration upon a one armed man, whose head was garnished with a crimson cap, having a tassel ornamented at the end dropping down to his shoulder. This individual sold cakes, ginger

bread-nuts, and brandy-balls, and required to be favored by any of his small, but longing auditors, with a solution of the problem, that "if one of the nuts would warm either or any of them for a week, what would a pound do?" Mixed up with this motley group might be seen bathing women, with bonnets upon their heads of an ancient shape, and blue flannel dresses on their bodies of narrow dimensions, curried proportions, and inelegant fashion, standing arms a-kimbo, talking to a kind of hybrid seamen, who sat or lolled about with folded arms, pipe in mouth, firm in the belief that work was not intended for them or expected of them; that there is but one paradise, which is beer; and tobacco is its prophet.

The sounds of music, the thronging of individuals, restless in their movements as the sea itself, the passing to and fro of long strings of young ladies, yet under the martinet rule of the schoolmistress, the longing to be emancipated from it, the whirling by of equestrians, male and female; the rolling of carriages, phaetons, flies, and other vehicles; the bright, clear atmosphere; the wide, wide sea, deepening each moment in color, all combined to bewilder and confuse Violet; but at the same time to amuse, interest and delight her.

Ishmael watched her closely. He could see the glitter of her eye through the veil, and the heightening of the color on her cheek; and he could also tell, by her eager examination of the different objects to the scene presented, together with the elasticity of her step, that she was deeply interested and excited by what she beheld.

He bent his head low down to her, and said—"The sight pleases you, Violet?" "Oh, very greatly, indeed," she returned, with vivacity.

"There are hundreds such scenes which await your inspection," he replied, with some emphasis; "and now you will better understand that the broken heart does know a resuscitation—it doth not perish for ever."

He felt her start and shudder as he breathed those words into her ear. He saw her head drop, but she made him no reply.

He could scarcely have expected an answer, yet he felt something vexed that she did not reply. He almost fancied himself premature in the supposition that change of scene, and intercourse with the world, would make her forget; and yet she was evidently impressionable. Others, as fair and gentle as her, had been carried away by the soft words and softer smiles of newer friends, and why should she remain unchangeable, when so many of her sex were as mutable as that vast ocean upon which he then gazed?

He was disturbed by her continued silence, and by the fact that, on conducting her to the Chain-pier, upon which were gathered but a few persons, the interest she had exhibited in everything she saw previously, seemed to have faded away, and that his observations and remarks were pointed into a dull and indifferent ear.

Erlie, during the whole of their walk, had appeared, perhaps, as interested as Violet in a scene as novel and attractive to him as to her; but his attention had been evidently divided by an expectation of meeting Maud during their stroll; and even up to their almost solitary promenade on the pier, he did not diminish his active inspection of everyone approaching or passing him; still, however, to be disappointed.

Had he been vain and conceited of his personal appearance—had he any thought for other than Lady Maud—he would have been flattered by the attention he excited. Black eyes and blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes, all looked up into his face as they passed him, and flashed the brighter on beholding a countenance so handsome; but the deliberate stare, the fluttering eyelid, the coy glance, or the shy look, passed unheeded by him—they were not Lady Maud's eyes, and so he cared not how bright or how blue they were; they wanted the charm of belonging to her he loved more deeply and more passionately the more her presence was denied to him.

One circuit of the pier, and Ishmael led the way off. He, too, seemed disappointed that he had not encountered some one he had evidently expected to meet, and returned in silence, and with a knitted brow, to their residence.

On reaching the door, he said, looking at his watch—

"I have ordered horses. They will be here in an hour. You had better take luncheon. I will return to the drawing room at the time I have mentioned, and accompany you to your ride."

He left them as he concluded, and ascended to his chamber, while they, according to custom, parted, each seeking their own rooms, to take their meals alone.

When Violet returned to the drawing room, dressed for the equestrian trip, she saw Erlie standing by the window, gazing thoughtfully upon the sea and a dejected expression on his features.

She stole up to him, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He started, and turned round to her. There was a sudden, haughty, fierce expression in his face, but it changed when he perceived Violet.

"You are sad," she exclaimed.

"A sigh involuntarily escaped him."

"I am anxious, troubled, perplexed, Violet," he exclaimed. "I have several matters to disturb me, and each hour they grow more and more insupportable. There appears to me but one course"—(he lowered his voice)—"and that is, to fly from this bondage. It galls me beyond my powers of expression to describe. I know not who I am—I have only a few horrible surmises—I know not for what fate I am reserved. I know only that at present I am a creature, a tool, an instrument in the hands of Ishmael for some dire purpose, and this is a state of being I am resolved to end. I will remain only until I have fulfilled the object of my visit, and then no more shall be heard of me until my name shall be uttered in honor, and my presence, instead of being the subject for finger-pointing and wonder, shall be welcomed with pride and satisfaction."

Violet looked at him with an expression of terror on her face.

"You will not, Erlie, leave me alone with Ishmael?" she said.

"He will befriend and protect you as he has hitherto done," he responded, taking her hand.

She dropped her head. "He hath vowed that I shall never, never wed Cyril," she murmured, in a sorrowful tone. "He will keep his vow so long as I am wholly and entirely in his power. You bade me have faith—you bade me hope—you pointed out to me how, linked together in isolation, you would remain by my side, you would work a path way out of the entangled mystery which sur-

rounds us, and lift me with you into the sunshine of happiness. I have had faith in your words, in your promises, in the future, because you bade me; but if I am now to be left by you alone with Ishmael, there is hope for me no longer. I may abandon all, and pray only for the hour to come which will release me from life."

"Do not believe, Violet, though I leave you, I shall desert you or forget you. Reviewing the past, from the first hour I set foot in Kingswood Hall until now, I am only each day more confirmed in the belief that the destinies of both are interwoven with those of the Kingswood family. I cannot divine how, but that it is so I am sure. I shall not, I suspect, be able to unravel this complicated matter by remaining with Ishmael, to act like one taking part in a pageant. I must adopt another course, and I have framed a plan which may be successful. It may be disadvantageous to me; be it so—I shall dare it. But I will not quit you for ever without some bold effort to secure your happiness. I have decided upon this, and I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. Before, therefore, I quit the subject, there are two matters I wish strongly to impress upon you—remember and act upon them. The first is, that you bear an extraordinary resemblance to a portrait of a lady of the race of Kingswood hanging in an old apartment of Kingswood Hall; and, likewise, to a statue of that lady standing in the antique library. Your face, there seen, I have seen also vividly in—in—" (he passed his hands over his temples)—"in dreams it may be—day-dreams, visions, but still your face, bright and clear as I see it now—"

"As I have seen yours in that picture which hangs in the old hunting tower at Kingswood Chase," she exclaimed, with a startled, excited manner; "and at night in the forest depths, in the cold, grey moon-beams—and in my dreams and visions, too," she added, in a tone which made him thrill. "So shall it prove that we are both of the race of Kingswood," he returned, in almost a solemn tone.

"No—no—this cannot be," she cried, hastily. "No, no, Cyril Kingswood would not be allied by blood to me—only—only, Erlie, by love."

"We must prove that," he said, musingly.

"There is a mystery which awes me as I contemplate it, but I will fathom it. And, therefore, do I secondly impress upon you to feel no surprise, concern, or betray any feeling if suddenly you miss me from our daily communion. Ishmael will not speak of it to you; be silent to him respecting it, and let him think as he may, although it seems harsh in me to say this. I would be grateful to him if I could, but he should satisfy me that what he has done for me has been for my benefit, and not alone to gratify the promptings of an uncompromising revenge."

The last words had hardly left his lips, when Ishmael made his appearance. He motioned to them to follow him, and they obeyed in silence.

Their horses were at the door and two groomsmen. A crowd quickly assembled to see them mount, and many were the exclamations of admiration from a very humble audience at Violet's beauty. Her attire was nearly the same as that in which she appeared in Hyde Park, and it attracted as much attention here as it had done there.

A carriage approached them slowly; it was open, and contained two ladies. An exclamation from Ishmael drew the attention of both Erlie and Violet to its inmates.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, "by heavens, how changed!"

Erlie looked into the carriage, and there he beheld Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud seated. The face of Lady Kingswood was thin, haggard, and strongly marked, and there was a strange wildness in her eye as she turned it rapidly right and left. Her wandering glances were suddenly arrested by Erlie's face, and she uttered a hasty exclamation, half rose up, and then fell back almost senseless in her seat.

One glance of surprise at her, and then Erlie's eyes fell upon the face of Lady Maud.

Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curled her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces vivid in his eyes an instant previously were misty and indistinct.

Not so to the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horse-back, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then dropped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowing how near he had once more been to her.

"During the ride they met no more, although both Erlie and Violet so much wished to. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and



THE SCENE IN THE FOREST.

they returned home to dinner with their wives ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing him once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting-room window looked out into the esplanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone, she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognize one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that he would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam so radiantly upon her as they had of old, and if they did this, she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful, tender thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think. She caught up her walking stick, threw them hastily upon her, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril," she murmured. He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a wild cry burst from him. He flung her hands down.

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be. I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tossing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralyzed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

More than a week passed away, and Violet kept her chamber. Accustomed in some degree to such absence, and to Ishmael's silence respecting them and her, she made no remark. He, in fact, was glad to be as little in the house, or with Ishmael, as possible.

He paced the promenade in the morning, rode along the drive in the afternoon. Some days he galloped his horse over the downs upon the Dyke Road, or took a car through the beautiful avenue in Lord Chichester's park, leading from the Lewes to the Ditchling Road; at other times he directed his horse by the upper road to Shoreham; or, changing his route, pursued the way to Rottingdean; but without success. He hoped again to meet Lady Maud—he did not meet her.

One day, when the drive along the King's Road was unusually full, Ishmael accompanied him in his ride, and kept him, evidently with an object, at a slow pace, where the equestrians and the carriages were thickest. As they proceeded gently onwards, Erle perceived that, as usual, he was the object of some attention, and the eloquent blood rushed violently into his face as a young and dashing lady, regarding him through an eyeglass, said, in a voice loud enough for him to hear—

"Amazingly like Lord Kingswood—ridiculously like; more like his lordship than his own son, the Honorable Cyril Kingswood. Pray tell me, my lord Marquis—I know you to have been on intimate terms with the Kingswoods for the whole of your natural life—is this remarkable young person a relation of his lordship's? He must be."

Erle was, with Ishmael, compelled to remain quiet in the rear of a carriage, some vehicles immediately in front being blocked up by one of those pests which trouble this road—a coal cart. The remarks which caught his ear were painfully offensive to him, and finding that he was the object upon which several glances were levelled, he would gladly have leaped his horse over one if there had been room so that he could have escaped.

However, his haughty, defiant, indignant look did not damage him in the estimation of those who observed him, for it was clear, by his noble carriage and his elegant form, that if a handsome person and an exalted mind conferred nobility, he might have been the son of a Duke.

He did not hear the reply made, but he saw that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who had been thus addressed, and who had answered the inquisitive lady in an undertone.

Another minute and he was free. He was about to gallop away at a mettlesome pace, when Ishmael sharply checked him, and then the Marquis of Chillingham joined them.

"I heard that you were here, Vernon," he exclaimed, in his old, quiet tone.

"Indeed!" responded Ishmael, as coldly.

"Who could have told you?"

"Sir Harry Wilton," responded the Marquis. "You know Harry Wilton, who was at Trinity with us? It is a son of his—immense estates—and has fallen desperately in love with your pretty young protégée."

The brow of Ishmael lowered; more, however, in thought than in anger.

"Talks of nothing else, and has been boring me amazingly to introduce him to you," continued the Marquis. "He is in London just now, but he will be down here again in a day or two."

"I shall be in London shortly. We will remove the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the Marquis. "By-the-way, Vernon, I cannot help remarking you know I have rudeness, and I would

not appear so in your eyes—but I cannot help remarking how great the resemblance of your young companion is to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a canter, with his hat deeply set over his brow.

The nobleman looked up and exhibited as great a change in his face even as Lady Kingswood had. Pale, strongly marked, his features were drawn down and looked sharp and pinched, betraying great mental suffering.

His eyes first encountered the glittering, savage glare of Ishmael's fiery orbs, and then they fell on the pale, excited face of Erle. A cry, almost a wail, burst from his lips; he struck his spurs into the sides of his steed and flew past them like the wind!

The lip of the Marquis of Chillingham curled, and there was a grim, savage smile on his features too.

"Kingswood has much changed," he observed thoughtfully. "He has altered ever since your young friend by your side—your secret as well as that of Kingswood's—appeared first at Kingswood Hall. Why, Vernon, have you made yourself, Lord Kingswood, and this youth the subject of discourse in every saloon? By the bye, I must not omit that bright young beauty who occasionally accompanies you in your equestrian sprints; she, too, attracts much attention."

"Indeed," answered Ishmael, with his sarcastic smile. "Have I done this?"

"In truth have you," replied the Marquis.

"The cause no one can get at."

"I have told you they shall," rejoined Ishmael, with emphasis. "The time is approaching. The world wonders; its wonder shall be at rest."

"Nine days will do it, without your explanation," remarked the Marquis, dryly.

"Lady Kingswood, too, is greatly changed in her personal appearance," suddenly observed Ishmael. "The haughty beauty appears to have subsided into a pale, haggard woman. Do you know why, Chillingham?"

He inquired, with a sudden and startling emphasis.

The face of the Marquis became a trifle paler, and his eyelids fluttered.

"I—I suppose," he commenced, with the slightest possible stammer, "that the troubles which affect the mind of Lord Kingswood disturb her ladyship's. I cannot possibly know of any other reason, and I am not quite sure that I care."

"Her ladyship is here," observed Ishmael.

"Was here," returned the Marquis, with a silent laugh. "They have grown into the oddest family. I have learnt by inquiry that her ladyship, Lady Maud St. Clair, and Cyril Kingswood came here together. They were to remain here some time, I understood, on account of the delicate state of Lady Maud's health, but young hopeful, suddenly, and without a word to any one, departed for London, and Lady Kingswood, with about as much reason, fled after her son, and carried off poor Lady Maud with her. I saw Lady Kingswood the day she left, but I could not get an opportunity to get up to speak to her."

"Did she see you?" asked Ishmael, fixing his glittering eye upon him.

"This was a question the Marquis evidently did not like, but he answered, calmly—

"Yes, oh, yes! We were divided by some carriages, and when I would have joined, her carriage had driven away."

Ishmael made no comment on this. The Marquis, however, looked at him furtively, and wondered what was his motive for putting that question. That he had a motive he did not doubt, but he was strangely and uneasily puzzled to think what it could be.

At this moment his quick eye caught sight of Sir Harris Stanhope and Beatrice. Carlton was on horseback riding by their side. Carlton at the same time caught sight of Erle, he called to his father to draw up to the side of the road, and he rode up to Erle, looking at the same time sharply for Violet.

"Sir Harris Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham. "I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael grated his teeth together audibly. The Marquis heard the sound, and with surprise, observed on Ishmael's countenance an expression of intense and malignant hatred.

"I cannot speak with him!" he cried, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off. The Marquis was surprised into following him, and Erle was left alone with Carlton, who would insist upon his approaching the carriage in which Beatrice sat.

He saw that she was pale and sad; he saw her deep dark eyes fastened upon his face, perusing its expression with great earnestness, but without she possessed greater self-control than he did. He was hot and cold by turns, he chafed at his position, and said he knew not what—something of sorrow that she had been ill; something of hope that the occasion of her illness would pass away to no more return; that when again they met she would have recovered from her transient weakness, and that, with its pain, it would be quite forgotten.

There was a grave and earnest look in his eyes, a firmness in his tone, and a steadfastness in his manner, which was intended to shut out all hope; but Beatrice knew, or believed that she knew, men were weak and women were skillful, and she had a conceit that, though now she had been checked, she was not yet checked.

Carlton spoke of Violet, and Sir Harris inquired after Vernon, but Erle found himself unable to submit to his position, and he contrived that his horse should so curvet, turn, prance, and become so rest-less, that it was an excuse to raise his hat and gallop in the direction Ishmael and the Marquis of Chillingham had taken.

Not that he joined them—no! on the contrary, he avoided them, turned up a near turning, and after proceeding a short distance, he alighted and gave his horse to his groom.

He retraced his steps to the residence in Brunswick-terrace, and retired to his own room.

Late on the following day Ishmael inquired for him, and the servant handed to him the following note—

"Grateful for all that you have hitherto done for me, I take the future upon myself. You decline to place confidence in me—you decline to reveal to me what it is plain I ought to be put in possession of—you seek to make me a blind instrument to work out an atonement which, by your assertion, is due as much to me as to you. I refuse to become that instrument. I may be a willing one when I know all; until then I will take my own path. We shall meet again, that is certain, but under what circumstances will depend on you. There is a tie, I feel it and know it, which binds me to Violet. I will, so far as I can, watch over her. I may not conquer happiness for her, but I can try—and I will. Remember, great as may be your wrongs and mine, oh, Ishmael! the day must come when we shall both stand before the same tremendous Tribunal, each asking for mercy. Think of this when you note the pale face and wasting form of her whose happiness, more even than her life, you hold in your hand."

"HIM WHOM YOU HAVE NAMED 'ERLE GOWER'."

When Ishmael read the contents of this note, he became faint. Then he crushed it in his hands, and an exclamation of rage burst from his lips. Then he summoned Violet to his presence. She came, pale, silent, and sad, more like a spectre, than a young, fair, blooming girl, as she had been but a few short months back. He spoke to her gently and tenderly, and he bade her prepare for their immediate return to London.

She cast her melancholy eyes round the apartment to catch the sympathizing face of Erle, but she saw him not. She remembered what he had told her, and she knew that he had departed.

An expression of utter desolation settled on her face. She, however, uttered not a word, but meekly obeyed him. A pang smote his breast as he watched, and when she had left the room, he struck his breast with his clenched fists and groaned—

"Have I not yet made sacrifices enough? Must I tramp my way to my just revenge over the broken hearts of those dearest to me? I have suffered long—unjustly suffered. Must my hour of triumph come when my heart is bleeding at every pore? I would place these two creatures upon a pinnacle of greatness. It is their due, it is their right—and it shall be theirs; but must I, oh, Heaven, slaughter their happiness to accomplish it?"

He pressed his hands over his eyes, and bowed his head low. Anon he threw his hands away, and held his head erect.

"It is the path of Fate. I must march along it. To swerve now would be to annihilate the work of years."

That night they returned to London. That night—dark and stormy—muffled in a cloak, Erle Gower stood in Kingswood Chase.

Knowing the family to be in London, he expected to see the mansion plunged in darkness, but there were lights in many of the windows, and he saw them moving in and out of various chambers, and he wondered why it should be. There was something, however, strange about the building, and he felt that nothing that happened there of an unusual character would much surprise him.

He passed on among the shadows of the old trees until he reached a window, beneath which he had knelt when last he quitted these walls, as he presumed, forever.

Again he knelt there, and a few passionate words burst from his lips.

The window was darkened, and all was silent within.

"Dark as my hopes," he muttered. "Be it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from revisiting that loved old library, from sitting where you sat by my side, from perusing again those lines which wrested out from my heart its secret, and placed it in words of fire before my eyes. I can, in spite of all their hostility, do this. I can roam at will beneath the proud roof—it may be of my ancestors. Oh, Heaven, how that thought pierces my breast and makes the heart sick! Who am I? Am I—can I be of name undimmed, so that with unblushing cheeks I may fairly claim thy dear hand? Ishmael possesses this secret—from him will I wring it, be the cost what it may."

He turned away, wandering into the wood—for he did not deem it expedient to attempt to enter Kingswood Hall by the secret entrance until long after the household had retired to rest.

The wind whistled and moaned, and the trees bowed and waved, making mournful music, but the heavy clouds which had bordered the sky were being driven rapidly away, and he saw that by the time midnight chimed, the moon would be shining brightly over the old forest.

He knew the path through the Chase, and it is easy to believe, after what he had heard of Violet's lips, that he would pay a visit to the old hunting-ledge, if only to get a sight of the portrait hanging there, which was said, by her, to so much resemble him.

He paused at the glade where he had met Philip Avon, and for a moment he could scarcely divest himself of the belief that a helpless object lay yet beneath the tree, even as he had left Philip Avon, ghastly and gory.

With a sense of suffocation he hurried towards it, and there lay stretched, indeed motionless, the body of a man.

He bent over it in silence, and tried to decipher the man's features.

At this instant an opening, caused by a rent in the clouds, enabled the moonbeams with a sudden gush to fill the glade.

A hound at some distance, far, far in the depths of the wood, bayed deeply.

The man, as if stung by the prick of a spear, leaped to his feet, and confronted Erle, who stood firm and erect as he rose up.

It was Tubal Kish.

He knew the fellow in an instant, and with stern face he gazed firmly at him.

The moonbeams settled upon him, and his countenance looked white and unearthly. He remained still and spoke not.

The ruffian cowered down, shrank back, and muttered—

"The spectre of the race, Alone within the Chase, Shall in the moonbeams stand, When murder is at hand."

As he repeated the last line he seemed with difficulty to utter it; but when he had delivered it, he gave a growl rather than a yell, and fled towards the hunting-ledge.

Erle watched him until he had disappeared, and observed the flying hind never looked back, and he prepared to follow him, but his eye caught something glittering at his feet.

He stooped and raised Tubal Kish's large wood knife. Something else was, however, yet lying upon the turf, and when he picked them up, he found a pistol and a small hank of cord. That Tubal Kish had some villainous intent on hand he did not doubt; that he had frightened him out of it, he equally believed. He, however, took possession of them in case the ruffian should return in search of them.

Then he retraced his steps to the Hall, and remained quietly within the shadow of the buttresses until the hour of one was tolled by the turret clock; and then drawing forth the key of the secret entrance, which he had purposely retained, he tried the door, and found the lock yield at once to the movement of the key.

He entered, and closed it behind him, and was at once shrouded in intense darkness, but he had come provided with a small lantern and the means of lighting it. As soon as he had done this, he ascended with light steps the stone staircase, and proceeded along the corridor to the apartment in which he slept on the first night of his introduction to the Hall.

It had evidently not been tenanted since he had quitted it, and looked very drear and desolate. He raised his eyes, and looked upon the portrait which faced the bed. He started, for the face—young and fair—seemed to smile down upon him. He started because, too, it so strangely resembled Violet. There was that singular, mystical expression of the features which seemed to render her more like an inhabitant of another and more heavenly sphere than this.

A cold, crawling shudder ran at this moment through his veins. It might have been fancy, but it appeared to him that a low, wailing sigh floated through the chamber. He drew a deep breath.

"I had never nerve myself for my task," he murmured, "or I shall fail to accomplish it. I am not a boy now!"

He proceeded direct to the panel where the group of flowers and fruit in high relief held in its secret recesses the cloth key which fitted the doors leading to the old library. The key lay there where he had placed it; it had never been discovered or disturbed. He secured it, and as he upraised it, again he was seized with a sudden faintness, for his eye caught sight of the portrait, and he fancied the eyes gleamed and the lips moved in a fascinating smile.

He closed his eyelids and breathed heavily; he reopened them, and once more gazed on the portrait, but the face was placid and dull, like all old paintings, and he muttered impatiently at what he considered his folly, and hastily quitted the apartment.

He entered the old, dreary-looking room, with its high-backed chairs of black oak, and they looked very upright and grim in the dim light he bore, but he hesitated not to open the door in the corner of the room, passed hastily through the corridor, and opening the last door, he stood once more within the ancient library.

He was prepared for the statue of Lady Maud, and he gazed at it for at least a minute. It was of the two more like Lady Maud St. Clair than Violet, and yet he fancied that it wanted Lady Maud's artless beauty.

He sighed and passed on to the bookcase. There stood the book upon the shelf just as he had left it, untouched, no doubt, and bearing on the margin of the leaf the few poor lines he had written.

He drew it forth, and conveyed it to the desk where he had placed it, and where, he sweet face near to his, they had together perused it. He laid it down, and opened it at the very place. His heart died within him.

The library door at the further end softly and slowly opened. There appeared, approaching him with a quiet step, a female, bearing a lamp in her hand, but it was not lighted.

He stood riveted to the spot, his blood rushing back to his heart.

As she drew close to him, he saw that it was Lady Maud, dressed precisely as when last she had visited him in the library.

Her eyes were wide open, but they were sightless.

Every nerve in his frame thrilled until his position felt almost insupportable, but he moved not, spoke not.

She advanced to the bookcase, even to where he had just been, and she placed her hand where the book had been.

"It is not here," she murmured, and then turned towards the desk where he was standing.

A smile was upon her lips. It seemed to him that she perceived him. Yet again, with almost a feeling of horror, he perceived her eyeballs were rigid and fixed.

Then she whispered—

"Sit down Erle. We will read this sweet story together again."

And she sat down.

And he sat down by her side, alone, in that dark, ancient library, in silence, in wonder, and in terror!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will send their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main club. We will supply the book notices if we have time.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold secured in the letter and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.

"FLYING SCUDS."

We would suggest to the Washington correspondents of the daily papers, whether it would not be just as well for them to say nothing when they know nothing. See what a mass of contradictory reports—all based upon the very best authority—they have sent over the telegraphic wires within the last month. Fort Sumter was to be immediately evacuated—to be immediately reinforced and provisioned—Gen. Scott had said it would take 20,000 men to reinforce it—Gen. Scott had said it would take 12,000 men to reinforce it—Sumter is not to be given up at all—the order that it shall be given up went forward yesterday—no order went forward yesterday—and so on; winding up with the following frank confession of the truth by the able correspondent of our neighbors of the Inquirer:—

The report concerning the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and of that for its reinforcement, have been purely conjectural, as no one here knowing the real state of the case will tell. A Cabinet officer to day has declared, however, that there is no truth in the rumor that the order for the evacuation has been issued. The fact is that this matter has been of such great public interest that any flying word of opinion has been caught up and sent forward to be showered upon the expectant public. When President Lincoln decides what course is best to be pursued with respect to Major Anderson we shall know it. One thing is certain that he is not swayed by the opinion of one man or any set of men here. He is but little influenced by appeals to anything but reason and the most pressing exigencies in events.

We have not seen anything recently that bore on the face of it stronger evidence of coming within bow shot of the truth than the above candid confession. "Flying words of opinion caught up and sent forward to be showered upon the expectant public," could any description of what the Washington correspondence of our daily contemporaries really is, come much nearer the truth? We would suggest that a good heading for such correspondence would be "Flying Scuds."

MUSIC MADE EASY.

And so playing the piano, like telegraphing, is to be adapted to the simplest capacity, as we learn by an advertisement in a foreign periodical. "Deban's Piano Mechanique," says the advertisement, is a "pianoforte on which any one, without the least knowledge of music, can play the most difficult compositions, at the same time producing the delicate light and shade of expression as intended by the composer; and being provided with a seven-octave keyboard can (also) be played on by the artist in the ordinary manner."

Then for churches where the best musical talent cannot easily be procured, we have

"Deban's Antiphonal or Substitute for an Organist." We learn that "this instrument can be placed on the key-board of any organ or harmonium, and by it a person without the slightest knowledge of music can, with equal facility, play the common chant or hymn tune, and the mass or oratorio chorus." To prove that this can be done to satisfaction, we have the following testimony:—

"Sir,—I heartily join in the testimonials of the illustrious composers and artists in favor of your wonderful invention, the harmonium and organ antiphonal. I can, I believe, assure you, in advance, of a general and decided success in England, where all will be anxious to render justice to a discovery which I consider of immense importance for the progress of music, on which I hasten to congratulate you. JULES BENEDET. Mons. Deban."

We further learn that these inventions are patronized by Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, the Empress Eugenie, the Queen of Spain, the Sultan of Turkey, and even the late Queen of Oude.

So we go—the age of machinery being leaped upon us. Who need despair now of becoming accomplished performers upon the piano and the organ?

ELECTION AND APPOINTMENT.

The ancient system of the appointment of minor officials by the Executive or the Judiciary, in place of electing them by popular vote, is rapidly coming again into favor. It is found that what is everybody's business is really nobody's business, and that men are elected to office, who could never get an appointment from any respectable Judge or Governor. The following table shows the difference in the expenses of Noyamensing Prison in this city, under the old board, elected by the people, and the new, appointed by the Judges. The new system—the ancient one revived—has been in operation for the last four years:—

have drawn their vigor from the parent stock, but they have well repaid the debt. The progress which has been made in turning Liberal ideas into facts, during the last thirty years, even here at home, is greatly the result of the existence elsewhere of British communities, which had broken off all connection with feudal forms of thought. How, then, can we do otherwise than wish well to the United States of North America, and pray that they may not diverge from the path which would lead them to permanent greatness and prosperity?

There may be some leaven of selfishness in the above view, but it is that "enlarged selfishness" which takes in the welfare of great communities of men, and the cause of human progress everywhere.

ALLEGED PLAGIARISM.

The following extraordinary charge against young Bulwer—"Owen Meredith"—has recently been made in England:—

The *London Literary Gazette* of March second, has an elaborate article of four pages, demonstrating in the fullest manner that the famous poem of Lucile, which revealed last year in such an unexpected manner the genius of the son of Bulwer, is no better than a very literal translation of the "Lavinia" of George Sand. That novel, published in Paris about twenty-five years ago, is one of the few novels of George Sand, which has not appeared in an English dress, and the great number of larger works which have followed, had caused it to be almost forgotten. It is very remarkable, however, that so bold and complete a plagiarism from so well known a writer, extending through whole cantos of poems, should have remained undetected for so many months. Mr. "Owen Meredith," in his "Dedication" of Lucile to his father, has the assurance to say that he has endeavored to follow a path on which I could discover no foot-prints before me, either to guide or to warn. In illustration of this astounding impudence, the reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* places the passages from the novel and the passages from the poem side by side, and enables the reader to see that they are as nearly identical as poetry and prose can be. In many instances, indeed, "Lucile" uses the very words of "Lavinia"—the French expressions for flowers that have no English name. Of forty-seven pages which the reviewer examined, the identity was complete. No literary reputation can stand such an exposure as this; and we have probably heard the last of Owen Meredith as an author and poet.

Without expressing any opinion upon the charge of plagiarism alluded to in the above—only so far as to say that not only charity, but justice demands that the literary public should withhold its verdict until Mr. Bulwer has had an opportunity of being heard in reply—we may be allowed to dissent from the closing sentence of the article we have quoted. Putting *Lucile* aside, "Owen Meredith" has fully proven by other productions that he has no mean claim to the title of "author and poet." Moreover, his poetry seems to us to be decidedly original. Whatever else may be said against the vein in which he works, it certainly cannot be accused of being the same old mine which third and fourth rate poets have been working at for ages. And among his fugitive pieces are those which will not soon be forgotten, but will probably continue to appear in popular "poetical selections" for centuries.

We await Mr. Bulwer's answer to the charge of the *London Literary Gazette*, in the hope, we might almost say belief, that it will fully explain what now, we confess, does seem a little difficult of explanation.

THE UNIVERSAL PRIVATE TELEGRAPH.

An invention of Professor Wheatstone's, by which the process of telegraphing becomes the mere pressing upon keys similar to those of an accordion—each key thus pressed upon telegraphing a letter of the alphabet—seems to be coming into use for private telegraphs in England. One nobleman, Lord Kinnaird, telegraphs from his residence, Rossie Castle, to the county town, eight miles off, and if anything is wanted from his tradesmen there, the order is given in his own library. In London they have projected a vast system of telegraphing by means of cables composed of from 30 to 100 isolated wires, to be carried over the tops of the houses. As the wires need not be thicker than ordinary pack-thread for messages of twenty miles, the whole cable is not thicker than the little finger—thus greatly reducing the expense. The cable does not bear its own weight, but is slung to a stout iron wire. The plan is for every person to have his own telegraph wire, as he has now his gas and water pipe, for which he will pay an annual rent. As the writer from whom we gather these facts well says:—

"Who shall say that this old earth is near its decadence? Why, it has only just been endowed with its nervous system; its muscles, if we may so term the steam-engine, have only been just set in motion; and its locomotive powers, the railway and steamship, have only just found out the full use of their legs. In brain, nerve, and limb, it is but just emerging from its helpless infancy. At what pace we shall go in the next generation, we scarcely dare to anticipate."

A SHARP DODGE.—A certain New York merchant recently found himself in possession of a quantity of linen wrappers, of very good quality, but so short that no human being, not even an Esquimaux, could wear them with comfort. How to dispose of them to advantage was a question difficult of solution; but his wife were equal to the emergency, and he hit upon the following plan: He sent a stranger to a certain retail store, with instructions to inquire for short linen wrappers. The merchant could not supply him, and the stranger inquired where he could find the article. Next day another stranger was despatched on the same mission, and the next day another, and so on, until the retail merchant became convinced that there was an extraordinary demand for short linen wrappers, and began to look about to find a supply. He did not succeed until he came to the establishment of the merchant first mentioned, where he bought the entire lot. It is hardly necessary to add, that there has been no demand for the article since.

A very "sharp dodge" indeed! If Satan regularly takes the New York papers, and that he does we have little doubt, saying nothing of the editors—he must have chuckled in reading of the above commercial exploit, and resolved that such a talented fellow as that New York merchant was entirely too valuable to let slip through his fingers. We

do not know that highway robbery is any better than such a commercial "transaction,"—but we are pretty certain that it is not a great deal worse. Highway robbery has at least an element of manliness which this sneak robbery is deficient in.

A SENSIBLE AND CHRISTIAN PROPOSITION.—We are glad to learn that the British Government has proposed to settle the San Juan difficulty by arbitration. It is willing to abide by the decision of either Sweden, Switzerland, or the Netherlands. The matter being submitted to the Senate by President Lincoln, the Committee on Foreign Relations has made a favorable report upon the subject, and naturally recommends the choice of Switzerland. This is much more sensible than an attempt at brow-beating on one side or the other, and much better befitting two nations professing Christianity.

FORT SUMTER.—There is very little doubt now that the evacuation of Fort Sumter has been resolved upon by the Administration as a "military necessity," and that it will speedily take place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CROSSED PATHS; OR, BABEL. A Story of Modern Life. By WILKIE COLLINGS, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By GEORGE WM. CURTIS, author of "Potiphar Papers," &c. Splendidly illustrated by Hopkin. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

THE ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. By W. G. SEWELL. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS. Thucydides, in Two Volumes, and Vergil's. For sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARRY HARMON; OR, THE BENEVOLENT BACHELOR. By JOHN T. IRVING (nephew of Washington Irving). Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for April. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for April. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for April. ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April.

WALKING OR SLEEPING WITH THE MOUTH OPEN.

There is one rule which should be strictly observed by all in taking exercise by walking, as the very best form in which it can be taken by both the young and the aged of all ages, and that is, never to allow the action of respiration or breathing to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life" previous to his becoming a living creature.

The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly and resolutely closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, cannot be conceived as possible by those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself.

That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such people sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of—when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. Children should never be allowed to sleep, stand, or walk with their mouths open; for, besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it sometimes causes coughs, colds and sore throats.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, How does that man get a living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

Pawnbrokers should be attached to actors, because they are addicted to spouting.

Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow," like Topsy in the novel. An old man, on his death bed, gave this advice to his sons:—

"Never try to make a friend. Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop, and friends that are brought forward by hot-house expedients are apt to wilt long before they are ripened."

The stars are with the voyager Wherever he may sail; The moon is constant to her time; The sun will never fail; But follow round the world, The green earth and the sea; So love is with the lover's heart, Wherever he may be.

The Bourbons are now a family of exiles, not fewer than fifty-five out of the seventy-four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV., being in exile.

Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it as very characteristic of him.

Punch says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an artful man.

A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!

The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A VERY OLD CUSTOM—THE ROMANCE OF CRIME—BLONDIS WANTED—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—A BAD BUSINESS.

PARIS, Feb. 13, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The first three days of this week, cold but sunny, have been filled by the annual promenade of the "Fat Oxen," which, having won the suffrages of the Syndicate of the Corporation of Butchers at the yearly Cattle Fair of Poissy, are exhibited, during the three days of Shrovetide that usher in the period of Lent, and in all the glory of garlands and gilding, to the admiring eyes of the sight-loving Parisians. The spectacle has been unusually "grand" this year; the animals—rejoicing in the names of *Pekin, Shanghai, and What will they say of him?* being remarkably large and handsome, the car on which they are drawn being newly painted and decorated, and the Olympian deities who, under the marshalling of Father Time, always follow the oxen in a gorgeous car of their own, having come out in new and splendid costumes. Besides all these elements of the show, there was this year an enormous sheep, washed up to snowy whiteness, hung with ribbons and artificial flowers, and attended by two pretty, impudent-looking children, whose poor little heads have assuredly been turned for the rest of their lives by figuring on this exciting occasion as a shepherd and shepherdess, in all the spangles, colors, and gilding which, as everybody knows, are essential to the due discharge of the work of tending sheep. All Paris has, of course, turned out to see the procession, which has been winding its slow length along the usual route, visiting the Ministers, Ambassadors, Rothschilds, and Pereires, the heads of the Butcher trade, the members of the Imperial Family, and the Tuilleries; receiving "drink-money" at each hotel, and a larger gratuity at the palace.

If only the necessary work could be done, and the necessity of food, raiment and shelter supplied by sight-seeing, what a happy people would the Parisians be! The well-dressed and well-behaved crowd of Paris—unique in its way—turns out, and masses itself, in its best clothes and cleanest aprons, for hours before the oxen come by, patiently and contentedly enduring the cold, as good-tempered, polite and happy as possible, resenting nothing but attempts on the part of new-comers to squeeze themselves into the front ranks to the detriment of the view of those who have been holding their positions until they feel that they have an imprescriptible right to them. A Paris crowd will never stand interlopers; and wages spasmodically angry at any attempt on the part of new-comers to get into the front ranks; but nothing else ever disturbs its equanimity, as one would almost think, to see the zealous passivity with which it waits for hours either to see a procession go by, or to secure the best seats at the theatre or circus.

But to return to the special show-off at which Paris has been gazing this week. The Olympian chariot was preceded by another open vehicle filled with fancifully-attired musicians; and these were headed by a body of mounted police to open the way for the procession. Beside the car on which stood the Fat Ox of the day, with its wondering brown eyes, that no doubt would gladly have exchanged the architectural and millinery glories of Paris for the green fields of Calvados whence it had been withdrawn, were a band of butcher boys arrayed in the costume of Roman legions; behind came another body of mounted police. Very few masks have been out; that accompaniment of the carnival tending to disappear in the latitude of Paris.

There is some talk of the famous rope-walker, Blondin, being engaged to show off his astonishing powers in that line for the amusement of the people of this city. Leonard, the gymnast, whose astounding feats at the circus here were described in my letter of May 25th of last year, and who has been drawing increasing crowds ever since, having just accepted an engagement, on fabulous terms, at St. Petersburg, has left the circus here deprived of its greatest attraction. The last night he appeared at the circus, he performed a new feat, so astoundingly difficult that the public went into even more than its usual state of rapturous excitement; and the manager offered him \$120 for one more night. Leonard, who is on bad terms with the manager, refused this offer, and will transfer his feats of flying, and springing through the air from rope to rope, to the northern capital which promises to pay his vaillants in such handsome style. The presence of Blondin would therefore be peculiarly welcome at this establishment, where they have nothing to take the place left vacant by the retreat of the great gymnast, whose feats, marvellous as they are, the leap of the Mamelukes, the engulfment of Curtius in the Roman forum, and even the imaginary descent of Monte Christo in his sack through the air, are, after all, but tame and common-places compared with a real adventure of General Moore's, the authenticity of which cannot be called in question. The General having written the following statement with regard to it:—

"In June, 1848, at the Island of Dominica, in the West Indies, I fell over a precipice of 237 feet, perpendicular height, upon the rocks by the sea-side. This occurred about a quarter past seven o'clock, P. M., then quite dark, as no twilight exists in the tropics. During the fall, I stuck to my horse, every bone in my body was broken; and I conceive that my escape from instant death was one of the most miraculous that ever occurred. I have often thought of putting down all the circumstances of that extraordinary accident, but the dread of being taken for a Baron Munchausen has restrained me. I do not expect that any one will believe it, though there are many living witnesses. I expect no sympathy; for as soon as I could use a pen, I detailed the catastrophe to my mother to ac-

count for my long silence. I received in reply, in due course, a long letter detailing family news, without any allusion to my unfortunate case, except in a postscript, in which she merely said, 'Oh, William, I do wish you would give up riding after dinner!'

Such an escape is certainly very wonderful, whether we call it "Providential," or "marvellous," or attribute it to the "luck" in which the mass of the lower classes in France so devoutly believe; and which leads them so generally to trust to "bonheur" rather than to honest and persevering labor, and so zealously to support the innumerable lotteries out of which the civil and ecclesiastical hierarchies of France contrive to get so much "picking" in the course of the year.

The encouragement given by the French Government, directly and indirectly, to the public lotteries, which exercise so deplorable an effect on the morals of the people of this country, is well illustrated by the following, which I extract from the semi-official journal, *La Patrie*, of a few days ago, and which is at this moment going the rounds of all the principal papers:—

"The first prize in the Lisle lottery has just been gained by two grenadiers of the First Regiment of the Guards, named Mourelot and Harand. Fate has, for the nonce, favored two men worthy of being mentioned as examples of good conduct. Mourelot has always shown himself a good soldier, and a tender son. Born at Madiran, in the Department of the Upper Pyrenees, he is the sole support of an old mother, now infirm and unable to work. Mourelot never neglected to send all his pay home to his good mother, and, in order to have the means of giving her more comforts in her old age, he resolved, not long ago, to re-enlist, on the expiration of his term of service. It may be easily guessed that this excellent son had not been slow in sending to his mother the bounty he received on his re-enlistment. A week ago, Mourelot, prompted by his good star, entered a tobacco shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and determined to buy three tickets for the Lisle lottery. Perhaps, on quitting the shop, he may have regretted his money, of which he thus deprived his mother; for on reaching his barracks, he confided his apprehensions and his slight hopes to his comrade, Harand, who offered to share the chances with him, and to take part in the risk of loss as well as in the chance of gain. Mourelot consented willingly, and Harand gave him one-half the price of the three tickets; that is to say, one franc and a half, which, he remarked, laughingly, he 'considered about as good as lost.' But fortune was favorable to them. One of the three tickets gained the great prize of 40,000 francs, and the two grenadiers are thus in possession of 20,000 francs apiece. The happiness of Mourelot may be imagined. Henceforth his mother is out of reach of want, and she will be able to spend her last days in peace and comfort."

Another journal tells us that Mourelot, not having enough money to buy the three tickets, got Harand to furnish one franc and a quarter, and a second comrade to fork out the remaining five sous wanted to make up the sum; and makes Mourelot, on applying at the lottery-office for his prize, inform the admiring bystanders that he and Harand had quite forgotten about their tickets until, one day, it got noised about in the barracks that the lottery was drawn, and that the first prize was gained by two men in our company. "On which," said the grenadier, "I got a list of the winning numbers, and found, sure enough, that we were the winners! Our Colonel, hearing of our luck, gave me a leave of absence to come here for my money, and here I am!"

According to this account, in which no mention is made of the "infirm old mother," Mourelot keeps 20,000 francs; Harand, 19,000 francs; and the subscriber of five sous, has 1,000 francs. However this may be, the moral of this touching and exciting history, which will be spelled out, and commented upon with the most eager interest, in every wine-shop, eating house, and porter's lodge, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and from the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay, is of course, that all poor devils who are tired of being poor, and don't like working long for little gains, should by all means contrive to scrape a few francs together, and forthwith invest such scrapings in one or other of the innumerable lotteries got up all over the country, under the sanction of the Government.

An equally glowing account of the raptures of the winners in another lottery, is also going the rounds of the papers; the *Patrie* winding up its account by remarking, "what a very nice thing" is such an addition to the resources of poor working men, one of whom is thus relieved of all future necessity of working—"the sum gained by him constituting a fortune for one in his position,"—and the prizes gained by the others being enough, when added to their wages, to make them "exceedingly comfortable."

Not very long since, a poor workman went mad from excess of rapture at gaining the highest prize in one of these lotteries; and a few months ago another committed suicide in despair at having risked all his earnings in various lotteries, and lost in all.

QUANTUM.

TENDER HANDED stroke a nettle, And it stings you for your pain; Grasp it like a man of mettle, And it soft as silk remains; So it is with certain natures; Use them kindly—they rebel; But be rough as nature's graters, And the rogues obey you well.

Dr. Dio Lewis, editor of the Boston Journal of Physical Culture, condemns with force the present prevailing style of school desks as injurious to the health of the scholar, and recommends that the desk be raised high enough to keep the spine of the sitter erect, preventing it from bending forward.

"You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe when he poked his nose into the belfry.

FAT.

"What is the use of fat?" It performs several offices. One is to round the system and complete the beauty of the person. Your cousin Jane's smooth neck owes its beauty to the skillful manner in which the adipose matter is packed into all the crevices between the muscles, veins and arteries. For Nature expends no small amount of labor in the production of beauty. 'Behold the lilies of the field, not Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed like one of these.' Another use of the adipose matter is to serve as a reservoir of allment for the support of the system. In the fever which I recently had, my stomach was in such a state that it could digest no food, and, by one of those beautiful adjustments so common in Nature, my appetite rejected it, and I did not eat a mouthful for several days.

The consequence was, that the heat of the body had to be kept up by burning the fat in the system, and how rapidly this was consumed! I suppose I lost twenty pounds in the course of three days. Hibernating animals, that sleep through the winter, are generally as fat as they can be when they crawl into their nests in the fall. Their thick fur prevents the radiation of heat, so that little is required to be generated; their breathing and circulation are sluggish, causing a slow consumption of matter, and this matter is supplied by the store of fat in the system, which is slowly burned up during the winter, and the animals come out in the spring as lank as Pharaoh's lean kine. If you put a piece of fat on the fire, you will see that it burns with a blaze. Whenever any organic substance burns with a blaze, you may be almost sure that it contains hydrogen. The burning of a substance is simply its combination of oxygen.

Whenever an organic substance containing hydrogen is sufficiently heated, it is decomposed, and, as the hydrogen is separated from the other elements, it takes the gaseous form. Rising in this hot state, as it comes in contact with the oxygen in the air, it combines with it—in other words, burns; one atom of oxygen combining with one atom of hydrogen, and producing water. There is phosphorus in the bones, which, when separated, will burn with a flame, but almost invariably when you see any animal or vegetable substance burning with a blaze—the flame of a lamp, of a kitchen fire, of a burning building—it is hydrogen in the act of combining with oxygen, producing water. On the other hand, when you see any organic substance burning with a red heat without blaze, like charcoal or anthracite coal, it is carbon combining with oxygen, and producing, generally, carbonic acid. If the blaze produces a good deal of light, you may be pretty sure that the substance contains both carbon and hydrogen, the light coming principally from the intensely heated carbon before it is burned."

GOD'S PLAN IN GEOGRAPHY.

The physical geographer now claims that the particular arrangement of seas, continents, mountains, and rivers which the earth has received, is the very best that could be given for the purposes to which the earth is destined. As the Divine wisdom is manifested in the order and adaptation of the parts of the human body, of animals, and of plants, so there is an object in the particular shape the continents have been made to assume.—Everything works in harmony with a Divine plan, which we claim to be beginning to comprehend.

Change the position of Asia and Europe, and you would have ruin and death. Ireland, now always green, would have the climate of Labrador. Compare the British Isles, Norway and Sweden, with the corresponding latitudes upon our own coasts, and we see the dreadful consequences. Take away the Andes, which arrest the rain-clouds, and South America, that most verdantly watered continent, would be a desert. Take away the Rocky Mountains, or change their direction to East and West, and we have our own fertile country ruined. Elevate our southern coast so as to change the direction of the Mississippi, and what mischief would ensue!

There is, literally, a face to nature, as there is a face to man. As we have our circulation of the blood, so there is the circulation of the earth's great heat of fire, the circulation of the waters, and the ventilation of the air. We have yet to consider these varied shades of nature in their relations to each other, and to man and animal life. But we are not to stop here. The physical geographer claims that the influences bearing upon the intellect of man can be explained by the peculiar arrangement of the earth's surface. We know that civilization has marched from East to West, from Asia to Europe, and even across the Atlantic to the New World, growing and expanding in its course. We can see what has been developed in Asia and in Europe, and may predict something for America.—*Prof. Doremus.*

I work a garden out of roses rare, And tufts of grass, and lilies d'eloir, Such as the June alone From Mother Earth can win; Roses for her, I said, Whose soul to love is wed, And grass, in which I see Her sweet humility, And lilies that but type Purity infinite, And then I clasped the zone Where never arm had been.—*Kriegerbocker.*

A MELANCHOLY CASE OF DESPAIR.—The Boston Courier mentions the following sad instance of mental and social ruin, resulting from unrestrained dissipation:—"Among the tenants of the lock up on Monday night was a man—a wreck of what he was before he became a prey to his perverted appetite—who, within a few years, stood in the foremost rank of the medical profession, enjoying a lucrative practice in one of our suburban towns, surrounded by all the comforts which wealth and social position could give; yet, having yielded to a passion for drink, was in the space of eight years squandered a fortune of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and descended to the lowest degree of degradation."

WASHINGTON RUMORS.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The *Charleston Courier* of Friday says that Surgeon Fox, of the U. S. Navy, had arrived with orders from Washington, to visit and report in relation to the condition of Fort Sumter. He was permitted to visit Major Anderson, on condition of being accompanied by Captain Harstien.

The *Courier* also reports the arrival of Mr. Holmes, formerly member of Congress from South Carolina. He says that before he left Washington, Mr. Seward desired him to say to the people of Charleston that he was a peaceful settler, and would do everything in his power for an amicable arrangement of affairs. Mr. Holmes also reported that Gen. Scott gave similar assurance, and that the President favors the policy, and that a majority of the Cabinet desire a withdrawal of the troops from Fort Pickens as well as Fort Sumter.

Other accounts say that the Cabinet is about equally divided between submission and coercion. A decision will soon have to be made, as Lieut. Blumstein, at Fort Pickens, also will soon require to be provisioned and reinforced, and the Confederate troops, from different points at the South, are concentrating at Pensacola.

Texas accounts say that Governor Houston and the Secretary of State have retired from their offices and surrendered the archives. Governor Houston had issued an appeal to the people denouncing the State Convention. The Convention has passed a substitute for the Army bill, providing for the raising of only one mounted regiment.

It is generally believed at Charleston that Major Anderson will evacuate Fort Sumter on Wednesday next.

The Assistant Secretary of the Spanish Legation is a Breckinridge Democrat, but he has been chosen by Hon. Cassius M. Clay (who is his uncle), on account of his ability.

The *Charleston Courier*, of the 21st inst., states that the assertion that the term of service of twenty-six of the soldiers in Fort Sumter, will shortly expire, is a mistake.

Major Anderson was in daily expectation of receiving orders to evacuate the Fort. His supply of provisions and fuel was nearly exhausted, and, if not speedily relieved, he will soon be compelled to burn some of the gun carriages.

He is said to be in favor of giving up to the South Carolina authorities, after an examination by an authorized officer, and receiving a receipt for the public property.

Col. G. W. Lay, late special Aid and Military Secretary to General Scott, has called on Gov. Pickens, and had a long conference with the Governor and Gen. Beauregard. There is no determination in Administration circles relative to an extra session of Congress; and on the other hand there is no doubt that an extra session has been determined upon.

THE EIGHT MILLION LOAN.—It was decided by the Secretary of the Treasury to-day, to advertise forthwith for the eight million loan—an amount which he thinks sufficient to carry on all the operations of the Government until the end of the fiscal year. The revenues and finances manifest a most encouraging improvement under the management of Gov. Chase. But it is now generally admitted that some decided policy must be adopted to neutralize the effect of the low tariff of the Southern Confederacy. The tariff will go into operation on the 1st of May. The Government will look to the subject in time, but as yet no line of conduct has been agreed upon.

MR. BURLINGAME'S CONFIRMATION.—The Southern Democrats in the Senate opposed the confirmation of Mr. Burlingame in his nomination for Minister to Austria, but Mr. Douglas endorsed him as a gallant gentleman, and the vote was thirty-two yeas to eight nays.

THE PACIFIC.—It is now certain that a deliberate plot exists to seize the public property and treasure in California and Oregon, with a view to the annexation of these States to the Southern Confederacy. An eminent officer, it is to be feared, will but act as Gen. Twiggs has done, and officers of Southern birth have been led to believe that it is their duty to desert the "stars and stripes."

TEXAS TROOPS.—When the disaffection in the military division of Texas was first learned at the War Department, orders were sent there recalling all the troops. But those orders have since been countermanded, and reinforcements have been sent from New York, with abundant supplies of ammunition and provisions. Almost unlimited discretionary power has been entrusted to the officers sent to Texas with these reinforcements and supplies, as it may not be practicable for the United States troops to remain there. If possible, however, they will keep the frontier, check filibustering, and serve as a nucleus around which loyal citizens can rally.

Another account says that the vessels which recently left New York, sailed with sealed orders.

Readers will please take all of the above as mere Washington rumors, which may or may not prove to be facts.

BURNING OF THE WESTERN MAIL.—The Western mail for this city and Washington, about thirty bags in all—was burned up on the night of the 20th, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of Huntington. The St. Louis mail of the 19th left, the Louisville mail of the 19th, the Cincinnati mail of the 20th, the Toledo mail of the 20th, and the Columbus and Pittsburgh mails of the 21st, were consumed. Besides these, there were smaller mails from several towns. The pouches were for Harrisburg, for Philadelphia, and for Washington. The Harrisburg mail was in five bags, which were all saved without damage.

The baggage (also consumed) consisted of a large number of trunks, valises, carpet-bags, &c., belonging to about eighty passengers. Some of it had been checked through from points in the West, and the rest came mainly from Pittsburgh.

It is impossible to form an estimate of the amount of money lost, though further details may be expected from the West in a day or two.

The Washington letters were in great part applications from the West for office, though the addresses and signatures were so nearly destroyed as to be illegible. They will be sent to the dead letter office.

Money letters were sometimes sent half consumed. In one case an eagle containing twenty ten dollar bills and one five dollar bill was burned squarely in half, leaving the half of every note perfectly legible, while the rest was completely consumed. Of course there were love letters, and business letters, and duns, and newspapers—but they were all so burned as to be rendered as unrecognizable as so much blank paper. The Dead Letter office will, of course, be their destination.

Annexed is a list of mails destroyed by the fire—Nashville, Tenn., March 18th; Louisville, Ky., March 19th, partly; Cincinnati, March 19th, P. M.; Columbus, March 20th; Chicago, March 19th, P. M.; Milwaukee, March 19th; St. Louis, March 19th, A. M.; Pittsburgh, March 20th, P. M.; Hollidaysburg, March 20th, P. M.; Altoona, March 20th, P. M.; Tyngsboro, March 20th, P. M.; Johnston, March 20th, P. M.

It is believed that no mail south of Nashville was on the train.

GRATITUDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four old lady, set her aside.
Her children are grown, and her work is done;
True, in their service her locks turned gray,
Now she's away, unsought, alone.

Give her a home for decency's sake,
In some back room, far out of the way,
Where her tremulous voice cannot be heard,
It might check your mirth when you would be glad.

Stare to forget how she toiled for you,
And cradled you off on her loving breast,
Told you stories and joined your play,
Many an hour when she needed rest.

No matter for that, baffle her off,
Your friends might wince at her witty jest,
She is too "old-fashioned," and speaks "as plain,"
Get her out of the way of the coming guest.

Once you valued her cheerful voice,
Her hearty laugh and her merry song;
But to "care politics" they are quite too loud,
Her jokes too sharp, her tales too long.

So, poor old lady, hustle her off,
In her cheerless room let her sit alone,
She must not meet with your guests to-night,
For her work is done and her children grown.

FAITHFUL WIVES.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

M. Lavalette lay under sentence of death for high treason at Paris, in 1815. His wife was in such miserable health, through her anxieties and fears, and her efforts on his behalf, that she could hardly stand. She made this weakness available for M. Lavalette's escape. She went to the prison in a sedan chair, and was carried without stopping to a passage within the turkey's department, and when she went home, she entered the chair at the same place. On the December day in 1815, which was to have been the last of her husband's life, she went to the prison at four in the afternoon, her daughter, eleven years old, walking beside the chair. The fashion of the time, in regard to head-dress, was favorable to disguise. We do not forget the remark made when the Duchesse d'Angoulême entered the Tuilleries, on the return of the Bourbons, and appeared there as the heroine of the most mournful story in all royal experience; the remark of the bystanders was—"She wears the small bonnet!" the small bonnet being the English mode, and the French a particularly large one. In such a large bonnet, and moreover with an ample veil, Madame Lavalette stepped out of the chair; and the turkey supporter her on one side, and her child on the other, upstairs and to the door of her husband's apartment. She dined with her husband; and in an hour and a half from her arrival, the turkey was summoned to assist her to her chair. The veil was down, and no doubt the men were silent from compassion. It was an hour before any one entered the prisoner's room; and then the prisoner, wrapped in the well-known cloak, appeared to be reading by the light of a candle on the table behind him. The gaoler spoke twice, and, receiving no answer, advanced into the room, and went to the front of the prisoner. Further concealment was impossible. Madame Lavalette looked up with a smile, saying, "He is gone," and immediately fell into convulsions. She had been full of dread of the treatment she should receive when discovered; and the solitary hour of watching and terror she had passed had been too much for an exhausted invalid. She rejoined her husband, however, beyond the frontiers of France, whence he had escaped by the agency of Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce, whose trials for the act (only half voluntary on their part, and an act of simple benevolence) all elderly Englishmen remember.

There is no end to the true stories of the devotedness of wives of political prisoners, whether they could effect deliverance, like Madame Lavalette and Madame Kinkel, or could only mitigate, more or less, the sufferings of captivity. The sympathies of a whole generation were with the Countess Confalonieri, in her incessant struggles for her husband's release from the atrocious inflictions of the late Emperor of Austria; and when her reason gave way, and then her life, so that she had no enjoyment of his freedom at last, her fate was felt almost as a personal sorrow by more than one nation.

Madame Kinkel's health also gave way under the stress of terror and grief, inflicted by the late King of Prussia himself and his servants, in their passion of alarm and wrath at the events of 1848; but she lived a few happy years with her husband in his exile before the heart-disease which she had incurred in the struggle caused her death by a fall from a window, to which she had rushed for air in a spasm. Again and again she had been told that he had only one day to live, or that he had been shot that morning; and her persistence in moving heaven and earth on his behalf was met with intolerable insolence, indifference, or cruelty. The indignity to which M. Kinkel was subjected, of being made to spend his days in spinning wool, was at length converted into a retribution on his oppressors. The yarn he had spun during the day hung from his window at night, to fetch up the implements by which he effected his escape. I believe the method of escape has never been made known. All the gossamer knew that the bird had flown, and then that he had joined his patient and constant mate; and again, that they had made a nest for themselves in a region where the lining and maring of the best birds of the wood is an unknown practice.

When we speak or hear of wives attending on their imprisoned husbands, all minds revert to the two wives whose interests were engaged on opposite sides during the great rebellion.—Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe. Lucy Hutchinson's life is so well

known by her Memoirs of her husband, that her mere name and her husband's mention of her with his dying breath are enough—"Let her," said he, "as she is above other women, show herself, on this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." She was his friend and partner in all transactions in which she could share; his deputy when two offices had to be filled at once; and her superiority in judgment, knowledge, and ability was a subject of gentle and dignified exaltation to him,—in striking contrast to the sense and experience of a great man at the very moment.

Milton has left us his testimony of the need that such men have of intellectual capacity and cultivation in a wife. Without it, he says, "there must come that unspeakable weariness and despair of all sociable delight which turn the blessed ordinance of God into a sore evil under the sun," or at least to a familiar mischief, a drooping and disconsolate household,—captivity without refuge or redemption.

LADY FANSHAWE.

Lady Fanshawe candidly tells us how she went to work to be her husband's, Sir Richard Fanshawe's political comrade; or rather how she—a mere girl—was wrought upon by designing persons, to try to get at his secrets, when the fate of the Stuarts was trembling in the balance, and an indiscreet word from man or woman might possibly determine the fate of an empire. She tells us ingeniously and merrily how she pointed and sulked, and how her husband gaily and lovingly bore with her, and gave her time to recover her good sense; and then spoke a few wise and kind words of explanation of his duty to his prince which set her right for life. "So great was his reason and goodness," she writes, "that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that, from that day, until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me, in order to his estate or family." About such things he did communicate freely from the day when they married upon twenty pounds, in the most private way at Oxford, where the king's servants began their training in hardship, to the last of their joint lives; and when they could no longer converse and consult in privacy, at home, they daintily talked in the open air from the window to the ground. Of course, this was in the dark, and when they could communicate in no other way. He was imprisoned at Whitehall; and she went there from Chancery Lane every morning before daybreak, with a dark lantern, on foot, alone, and in all weathers, slipped into the entry upon which her husband's window opened, carried his news, and received his directions. After the first time, when he did not expect her at four in the morning, he never failed to put out his head instantly, in answer to her soft call. Sometimes she was so wet with the rain that it went in at her neck and out at her heels; but that was no matter, if she could learn how best to make application to Cromwell on her husband's behalf—a thing which she did successfully, owing, as she told her children, to the Protector's great respect for her father.

She once showed an equal disregard of another kind of rain,—an iron shower from an enemy at sea. A Turkish galley menaced the vessel in which the Fanshaws were going to Spain; and the only chance of escape from slavery was by putting on a warlike appearance, and hiding all the women and the merchandise. So the ladies were locked into the cabin, whence indeed Lady Fanshawe had been too sick to move. Now, however, when her husband was in danger on deck, she never rested till she had brought a cabin-boy to the door, got him to open it, and possessed herself of his blue thrum cap and his tarred coat. She put half a crown in his hand, and he let her pass up to the deck, where she stole softly to her husband's side, "as free from sickness and fear," she tells her children, "as I confess, from discretion." This time her husband had no rebuke ready for her indiscretion. Looking upon her he blessed himself, and snatched her up in his arms, saying, "Good God! that love can make this change!" He bestowed himself at length of chiding her; but it was with a laughing and a glistening eye,—both then and ever after.

MRS. PATTON.

We have some of us heard a story lately—of a more solemn sweetness than this—a story as animating as it is mournful, of such a wife with her husband at sea. Each age has its own mode of disclosure of the moral greatness of the men and women of the time; and in this case, through the ways and circumstances of our century—of even the latter half of it—we see in Mrs. Patton the mind and soul of the best wife of the noblest Crusader of twelve centuries ago.

One February day, four years since, the people who happened to be on the Battery at New York, saw that a sick person was being carried in a litter from a ship to the Battery Hotel. Beside the litter walked a young girl, as a careless passenger might have supposed; but others were struck by the strangeness of such youthfulness in one with so careworn a face. She was obviously near her confinement. She was twenty, in fact, and had been married three years to the man in the litter. She had been brought up in gaiety and indulgence in a prosperous home in East Boston, and had married a gallant young sea captain. In the first days of the honeymoon, Captain Patton was offered the command of the Neptune's Car, a ship fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe, and delayed by the illness of the commander. Captain Patton declined this great piece of professional advancement, on the ground that he could not leave his bride, for so long a time, at an hour's warning. He was told she might go with him; she was willing, and they were established on board within twelve hours from the first proposal being made.

They were absent a year and five months; and from the outset she made herself her

husband's pupil, companion and helper, to his great delight. She studied navigation, and learned everything that he could teach her, and was soon habituated to take observations, steer by the chart, and keep the ship's reckoning. In August, 1836, they sailed again in their beloved vessel for California, making sure that the ship they were so proud of, and so familiar with, would beat two others which started at the same time. The race which ensued disclosed to Captain Patton the evil temper and designs of his first mate, who was evidently bent on defeating his purpose, and, for some unknown reason, on carrying the ship into Valparaiso. Before Cape Horn was reached, the captain was suffering from anxiety and vigilance. There it was necessary to depose the mate; and under the toll of supplying his place, Captain Patton's health gave way entirely. A fever was followed by congestion of the brain; but he had had time to put his wife in full possession of his purposes. The ship was by no means to go to Valparaiso; for the crew would desert, and the cargo be lost before the consignees could arrive. His honor and conscience were concerned, he said, in going to the right port. This settled everything in his wife's mind. The ship should go to her destined port, and no other.

Her husband became hopelessly delirious; and the mate seized the opportunity to assume authority. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Patton, warning her not to oppose him, and charging her with the responsibility of the fate of every man in the vessel, if she presumed to interfere. She replied that her husband had not trusted his wife while he was well; and she should not trust him now that her husband was ill. She assembled the crew, told them the facts, and appealed to them.—Would they accept her authority in her husband's place, disregard the first mate, and work the ship under the orders of the second? Every man of them agreed, and she had nothing to complain of from them. They did what they could to sustain her. They saw her at her studies, as they passed the cabin windows, and regarded her with reverence and pity—a young wife, soon to be a mother, alone among men, with her husband to nurse and control, the crew to command, and their lives to preserve by her learning and professional skill! There she sat at her desk by lamplight,—now studying medical books which could instruct her on her husband's case; now keeping the reckoning, and making entries in the log. At noon and at midnight she was on deck, taking an observation. She marked the charts, made no mistakes, and carried the ship into port in fine condition on the 13th of November.

Captain Patton was a Freemason; and the Freemasons at San Francisco were kind, sending them back to New York by the first ship that could take them. They arrived wholly destitute,—the husband, blind, deaf, delirious, dying,—the wife grave and composed, but bent upon reaching Boston before her confinement. This aim she could not accomplish, her husband was too ill to be removed, and her child was born in a strange place. The New York underwriters immediately sent her one thousand dollars as a gift; and the owners of the vessel and cargo at once took steps to testify their sense of her conduct. Under singular extremity, she had considered the interests of the crew, and saved a vast amount of property to the owners; and the valor and conscientiousness of this lonely young creature were thoroughly appreciated. The truth was, it was to her husband that she devoted herself. She wrought out his purpose, and saved his honor.

From the verge of his grave she disappears from sight. We may never hear of her again; but we scarcely need to know more. What could we ask further, after being presented with the true image of a perfect wife, heroic in proportion to the extremity of her trial? I, for one, am thankful to know that a Mary Patton has shown the full glory and beauty of wifehood in our day! ISOLNEY SCOTT.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young—never mind a gray hair—Keep the heart young, and you'll never despair; Hopeful and glad, let the old frame decay; Who cares for the shell when the jewel's away?

Keep the heart young with full trust in God's might
To anchor you safely, and follow the right;
Keep the heart young, and be merry and gay,
Give care to the winds and be jolly away.

Keep the heart young, and be tender and true,
As loving to others as they are to you;
Keep the heart young, and don't fly in a rage,
If any one mentions your mellow old age.

Keep the heart young and let old Time appear,
He'll glide on so gently, you'll scarce feel him near;
A friend—and no foe—bringing peace and delight;
But keep the heart young, and you'll always be right.

TRUE AND FALSE WORKMEN.

In every variety of human employment, in the mechanical and in the fine arts, in navigation, in farming, in legislating, there are among the numbers who do their task perfectly, as we say, or just to pass, and as badly as they dare,—there are the workmen, on whom the burden of the business falls,—those who love work, and love to see it rightly done, who finish their task for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such finishers.—The world will always do justice at last to such finishers; it cannot otherwise. He who has acquired the ability, may wait securely the occasion of making it felt and appreciated, and know that it will not be lost.—*Emerson.*

He's a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

THE TRUE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MORAL DISCIPLINE.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE METHOD OF NATURE.—When a child falls, or runs its head against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. If it lays hold of the fire bars, thrusts its finger into the candle-flame, or spills boiling water on any part of its skin, the resulting burn or scald is a lesson not easily forgotten. So deep an impression is produced by one or two such events, that afterwards no persuasion will induce it again to disregard the laws of its constitution in these ways.

Now in these and like cases, Nature illustrates to us in the simplest way, the true theory and practice of moral discipline—a theory and practice which, however much they may seem to the superficial like those commonly received, we shall find on examination to differ from them very widely.

Observe, in the first place, that in bodily injuries and their penalties we have misconduct and its consequences reduced to their simplest forms. Though, according to their popular acceptations, right and wrong are words scarce applicable to actions that have none but direct bodily effects; yet whoever considers the matter will see that such actions must be as much classifiable under these heads as any other actions. From whatever basis they start, all theories of morality agree in considering that conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are beneficial, is good conduct; while conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are injurious, is bad conduct. The happiness or misery caused by it are the ultimate standards by which all men judge of behavior. We consider drunkenness wrong because of the physical degeneracy and accompanying moral evils entailed on the transgressor and his dependents. Did theft uniformly give pleasure both to taker and loser we should not find it in our catalogue of sins. Were it conceivable that benevolent actions multiplied human pains, we should condemn them—should not consider them benevolent. It needs but to read the first newspaper leader, or listen to any conversation touching social affairs, to see that acts of parliament, political movements, philanthropic agitations, in common with the doings of individuals, are judged by their anticipated results in multiplying the pleasures or pains of men. And if on looking on all secondary superinduced ideas, we find these to be our ultimate tests of right and wrong, we cannot refuse to class purely physical actions as right or wrong according to the beneficial or detrimental results they produce.

Note, in the second place, the character of the punishments by which these physical transgressions are prevented. Punishments, we call them, in the absence of a better word; for they are not punishments in the literal sense. They are not artificial and unnecessary inflictions of pain; but are simply the beneficial checks to actions that are essentially at variance with bodily welfare—checks in the absence of which life would quickly be destroyed by bodily injuries. It is the peculiarity of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the unavoidable consequences of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the inevitable reactions entailed by the child's actions.

Let it be further borne in mind that these painful reactions are proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. A slight accident brings a slight pain, a more serious one, a greater pain. When a child tumbles over the door-step, it is not ordained that it shall suffer in excess of the amount necessary, with the view of making it still more cautious than the necessary suffering will make it. But from its daily experience it is left to learn the greater or less penalties of greater or less errors; and to behave accordingly.

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats, but a silent, vigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result: and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal; and very soon recognizing this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantile life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfills slowly or unskillfully the duties entrusted to him, there by-and-by follows the natural penalty: he is discharged, and left to suffer for awhile the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, falling alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made apropos of these cases—"The burnt child dreads the fire"—we see not only

that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognized; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by "dearly bought experience" had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spendthrift or the other speculator, the remark that "bitter experience" would produce any effect: nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial punishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatories are those privately-established ones which have approximated their regime to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely-ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side!

In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,

And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—

"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

THE PENMANSHIP OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.

We are bound to add that the present race of statesmen are, on the whole, distinguished by excellent penmanship. Lord Derby's handwriting is beautiful—equally elegant and legible. Lord Stanley's is as legible as large print, but certainly not elegant. Lord Palmerston's is free, pleasant, and by no means obscure. The Duke of Newcastle writes an excellent hand—long, well-formed letters, and very distinct. Lord John Russell's penmanship is not unlike the Colonial Minister's, but on a smaller scale. Other instances might be cited, but it is more to the purpose of the present paper to say that the East India Company, nearly all through the present century, have been remarkably fortunate in the calligraphy of their chief servant, the Governor-General, who has set an example of penmanship to the whole class of writers which ought not to have been thrown away. Lord Wellesley's handwriting is, perhaps, the best that we have ever seen. Sir George Barlow's was little inferior. Lord Minto wrote a remarkably firm, solid, legible hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst were somewhat stately in their penmanship, but every letter was as clear as type. Lord William Bentinck ran his letters, and sometimes his words, a little too much into each other, but he wrote a good flowing hand that was rarely otherwise than legible. Lord Auckland's writing was peculiarly legible and distinct—the very reverse of his successor's, Lord Ellenborough's, which was pretty and lady-like, and not distinct; but he was always one of the Honorable Company's naughty boys. Lord Dalhousie wrote a beautiful hand—flowing and elegant, but very distinct; and the present Governor-General, Lord Canning, need not blush to see his handwriting placed beside that of any of his contemporaries.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GRUMBLERS.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use, than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling discontented people. I know those miserable fellows, and I hate them, who see a black star always riding through the light and colored clouds in the sky overhead; waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. But power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and Nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class of pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters.—An old French verse runs, in my translation:—

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what tortments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!

—*Emerson.*

A blind man in Ireland, who is as poor as he is sightless, recently buried his fourth wife. He was, at last accounts, courting a widow.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIES.

At thirty, looked back through a vista of ten years; remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle-aged to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it is too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom. At thirty-seven, fell in love again; rather pleased to find myself not too old for that passion; Emma only nineteen; what then? women require protectors; day settled; too late to get off; luckily jilted; Emma married George Parker one day before me; again determined never to marry; turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street; some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason. At forty, looked back ten years; remembered at thirty thinking forty a middle-aged man; must have meant fifty; fifty certainly the age of wisdom; determined to be wise in ten years; wished to learn music and Italian; tried Logier; it would not do; no defect of capacity, but those things should be learnt in childhood. At forty-six, rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting; all of them talk too much or too little; began to call chambermaids of lass "My dear," thought money expended on Waterloo-bridge might have been better employed; listened to a howl from Captain Querulous about family expenses; price of bread and butcher's meat; did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf; hugged myself in "single blessedness," and wished him good-morning. At fifty, the age of wisdom, married my housekeeper.

WEALTH.

Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams, and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff, now, oh, Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a half-ton of coal will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.—*Emerson.*

WRESTLING FOR A WIFE.—A romantic story is told of M. Duranton, a gentleman engaged by England and France to travel through Africa. It is reported that he departed from St. Louis, accompanied by armed slaves, and with a large quantity of goods; and that, having arrived at Timbuctoo, he stopped at the location of a very wealthy tribe, where he fell in love with the daughter of the chief. The father, looking upon the alliance as a very great honor, gladly accepted the proposal of marriage. The only condition imposed on the enamored candidate for the hand of the fair one was that he should, as in the days of ancient chivalry, enter the lists with any other candidate, and conquer him in a friendly wrestling match. To this our stalwart European at once consented, and soon carried off the prize, being victorious in the contest. As his father-in-law was the paramount chief or sovereign of this extensive and wealthy tribe, he, as his son-in-law, now became eligible for election to the throne, provided he triumphed in the great national contest of wrestling with any other claimant to the same exalted position. In this second encounter, also, his prowess was victorious, and, without further opposition, he ascended the throne.—*Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa.*

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.—In the Swedish war of the seventeenth century, a burgher of Flensburg, was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when a wounded Swede, fixing his long eyes upon the beverage, exclaimed: "I am thirsty; give me to drink." Now the burgher was a kind man, and replying: "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the man to give him the liquor. Then the treacherous Swede fired a pistol at him, wounding him in the shoulder. Thereupon, the burgher started up indignantly, as he well might do, and cried out: "Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would shoot me in return. You shall now only have half the bottle instead of all of it." When the news came to the King of Denmark, he exclaimed, "A man who can do this thing deserves to be a noble," and he created him one, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow; which was borne, until quite lately, by his latest descendant. This was surely a sort of heraldry above the common, and a very different kind of cognizance from that which Cobbe justly stigmatised as "a couple of jackasses fighting for a piece of gilt gingerbread."

A good cause is more injured by a weak defence than by a strong attack.

UNDER THE PORCH.

BY A. M.

She sits in the sunshine under the porch,
Under the porch when the sun is low;
And over her forehead and over her hair
The climatic shadows come and go.

Tracery meet for a face like hers!
For faces like hers you may often see
In the rich arabesques of a bridal book,
Looking out through a golden flagstone.

And have you not noticed the tint that moves
Move and burn on the white stone floor,
When the sunset comes in a ruby blaze
Through the oriel over the old church door?

Just so sweet is her silent face—
Silent ever and pale as snow—
When thoughts enrich it, and blushes glide
Over her cheek, when the sun is low.

She sits with her knitting spread over her knee
Over her knee and over her hand;
And thinks, perhaps, as her fingers fly,
Of a lady white hand and a pearly arm.

For here are ruddy, and not so soft—
Nothing so soft as a wife's would be
Who fondled her rings and who folded her
Palms,
And never did aught for herself or me.

Ah, she may long for a lady's hand—
A hand that freezes you whilst it yields;
But I knew better the day we met
In the lane that leads to the harvest fields.

What was it I whispered her under the thorn,
Under the black thorn beside the well?
None may know; but the breeze that heard,
And the throbbles that sang to us,—they can tell!

And what was it she said with her eyes that
day—
Two blue eyes, and a brow above
All contained in from the peering light
Till nothing beheld them but I—and Love?

So at last through the shadows we turned away,
Turned and lingered across the farm;
And it was not a stool nor a milking pail
Whereon she rested her rosy arm.

Slowly I felt for her hand and found
All her bonny brown hand in mine,
Thrilling it through, as a cold white vase
Flashes and warms with its core of wine.

I said, "Beloved, if this was all—
All that frightened you then from me;
'Twas, oh, how silly! to think and say
Working and loving could never agree!"

"Hush! not your spirit its own sweet calm,
Calm and pure as a lady knows;
Are you not filled with a woman's heart,
Blithe in summer and braced in snows?"

"Love not your eyes to gaze and dream,
Gaze and glisten at eye and morn;
Watching all over the fragrant earth,
New surprises of beauty born?"

"Ah, what maddening words are these!
Words you know not, but things you feel;
And all you know not, and all you know,
Rings down in my heart to a marriage seal."

"So leave your silly brown hand in mine,
Mine, that gathered it—you know where;
Mine, that set it to seek and find
Nobler food than a farmer's fare."

"And partlet is gone to her roost, so come—
Come from the breath of the sleeping kine,
From spotless ingle and shining floor,
And chambers smelling of eglantine!"

"Come down, with music between your lips—
Pastoral music, soft and slow;
And then, beloved, sit down by me
Under the porch, while the moon is low."

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Ah, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
—Shakespeare.

Who falls from all they know of bliss,
Recks little into what abyss.—Byron.

The Duke of Carlisle's parting glance dis-
mayed Ada, who, turning to her niece when
all beside were gone, said half inquiringly,
"You have had a successful evening, dar-
ling."

"Have I? Then I am very ungrateful, I
fear, aunt; for I really think that these great
parties are most wearisome things."

"Ah! you are tired?"

"Indeed I am. I do not wonder that fa-
shionable ladies grow old so soon."
"Do you think they do?"

"Oh, yes; even to-night I observed that
many, very many, of your most brilliant
guests wore false teeth, false hair, and some
even paint! What does that mean, but that
they are getting old?"

"Well—well! perhaps you are right. I can-
not defend the life, or its votaries. But if the
women are unsatisfactory and false, what do
you think of the men?"

"I am not sure; at present, I like them
even less. They are so—what shall I say?—
self-satisfied, uncharitable, unmanly."

"Not all, surely? Some of the cleverest,
most renowned men of the day were here."

"Then I wish I had seen them. But the
Duke of Carlisle talked so incessantly after
you left the conservatory, that I could not get
away until the rooms began to thin; and then,
I suppose, all the celebrities were gone."

"Most likely. But the Duke himself—how
did you like him?"

"Not very much; he is so absurdly com-
plimentary, poor old gentleman!"

"What amuses you, aunt?"
"Only your simplicity—the way in which
you speak of the best matrimonial prize of
the day. Don't you know that one-half the
girls in London would have given the best
thing they possess on earth to have been in
your place?"

"Indeed! And why?" said Beatrice, with
a puzzled glance.

"Nay, nay, Beatrice; that is too simple.
You cannot be as simple as you would have
me think. Why, even Adele is not insensible
to the charms of strawberry leaves"—thus
alluding to the device on the ducal coronet.

"Of what—what's that? I hear somebody
taking liberties with my name," cried a little
lady, springing from a couch on which she
had thrown herself; and darting across the
room to Mrs. Stanhope, at whose knee she
sank like a drift of down. "What are you
talking about, mamma? Take me into the
council."

"No, no; it's too late for councils now.
You ought to be having your beauty sleep."

"As if I needed it! Well, really! any one
would suppose I was a fright and a child.
Beauty sleep, indeed! Not I. I mean to be
up and doing, as well as Beatrice, though she
is such a tall thing!" And bounding from her
position on the floor, she placed herself be-
side her cousin, and raising herself to her full
height, looked up to the head above her with
a comic glance of awe, then shuddered, made
a grimace, and retreated to her old place on
the sofa, saying, wearily, "How my neck
aches looking up there! But what were you
all saying about the party to-night? Wasn't
it a good one?"

"I think so. Don't you?"
"Yes, delicious. But Beatrice doesn't, does
she? What was the matter with it, madam?
—didn't you make a conquest?"

"Suppose I were to answer for her,—
'Yes!'"

"Never!"—and she leaped up again, clap-
ping her tiny hands gently. "Oh, that is
charming! And of whom?"

"Guess."
"Oh, I can't—I can't! Tell me! Don't
keep me on pins and needles!"

"No, no; you must guess."
"I never shall. But let me see; there was
that tall giant of a man who frightened me
so at supper—Lord Hal—Halcombe—was it
he?"

"No."
"Who then? Do tell me; I know I shall
never guess. Besides, I never saw her with
any one except—Ah! I have it now! The
Duke of Carlisle?"

"Mrs. Stanhope nodded.
"Is that? Bravo! I am so glad! Beatrice,
you are an angel—a celestial being of the very
highest order!"

"Why?"
"Listen to her innocence! Why? Why,
for securing that prize of all prizes, and mak-
ing me cousin to a Duchess."

"My dear child, how do you do jump at con-
clusions! The Duke is old enough to be my
grandfather!"

"Well, he is all the better for that—he will
have plenty of sense; and he is such a dear
creature, I am sure he will let you have all
your own way!"

"If you think so, and have such a high
opinion of him, why do you not take him
yourself?"

"I—dear angels!—I! You take my breath
away! What should I do with a great, grand
man like him? I am not half wise enough—
not a bit fit for a Duchess; but you—you are
the very thing itself! Oh, you dear, clever,
good girl!" And the mercurial little belle
whirled round and round to the most original
waltz tune ever heard, which she hummed
until out of breath, and sunk down again like
a tired bird, while Beatrice cried, laughing—
"What a whizz-gig you are, Addy! A stran-
ger would think you were half-wild to-
night."

"So I am, with joy! Oh, dear, dear! I
never can be thankful enough for 'my cousin,
the Duchess!'"

"Wait till you get her. There's many a
slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"Not in such cases as these, when each
party concerned is as wise as you two are.
Oh, if I had but waited until now to be pre-
sented, think what an announcement for the
Duke!—Miss Adela Stanhope, by her cousin,
the Duchess of Carlisle! The very thought
of what I have lost distracts me!"

"It need not, Addy," said Beatrice, with a
sad smile; "for I shall never marry."

"Fiddle de, diddle de, diddle de de de!"
"I am in earnest."

"To be an old maid? Yes, just exactly as
much as I am, dear cousin, the Duchess!"

"What nonsense you children are talk-
ing!" interposed Mrs. Stanhope. "It is quite
time your giddy little heads were at rest on
your pillows. Good-night, and go to sleep;
or we shall be having Beatrice commence
the preparations for growing old rather too
soon."

"Yes, yes; we will go, and dream sweet
blissful dreams of orange flowers, and ducal
ermine, grandpapas in new characters, and
blushing brides in black hair and white crape.
By the bye, does his Grace breakfast with us
to-morrow?"

"Do, do be silent, Addy, or you will vex
me! The Duke is nothing to me, or I to him,
and never shall be; and it is really too bad
conjuring up all this out of one evening's
most larksome conversation."

"Well, we shall see—we shall see! My
fan to your bouquet, he sees you to-morrow,
somewhere."

And she was right.

No sooner had the minister's carriage en-
tered the park the next afternoon, than the
Duke's well-known gray charger might have
been seen emerging from the crowd of
equestrians in the Row and cantering up
to it.

At first, Beatrice, entirely occupied with
admiring the gay scene around her, did not
observe Carlisle's approach; but an arch
glance from Adela, who sat opposite, direct-
ed her eyes towards him; and recognizing
his figure at once, she sank back in the cor-

ner where she sat, full of annoyance and dis-
may.

The next day, and the next, found his
Grace in close attendance upon the Stan-
hopes; but well, even pleasantly as he talked,
he could not succeed in interesting Beatrice,
or winning from her more than the simplest
replies; for although provoked by Adela's
raillery, especially since she could not deny
its truth, the poor girl sought to end it by
treating her admirer with the utmost cool-
ness.

"It is your own fault, Duke," said Ada to
him a few days after, when boiling over with
wrath, he complained to her of the treatment
he received. "You are too eager, too anxious,
and betray it to plainly."

"I can't help it."
"Then I am sorry for you."
"Why?—in the name of all the fiends,
why?"

"Because if your heart is really set upon it,
you are defeating your own object. You are
almost persecuting the girl; and instead of
gaining, losing ground."

"I must see her."
"Very well; but surely it need not be
every day, nor can it be necessary that you
should persist in talking to her and her
alone."

"I do not."
"Pardon me, you do; and it will not an-
swer. Beatrice is no more likely to fall in
love with you than with the Grand Turk."

"Pray, why not? Is she so very much
more fastidious than her aunt?"

"Again! Another word like that, and
our compact is broken. If, goaded to mad-
ness by your unmanly tyranny, I have con-
sented to aid your wishes, at least the sac-
rifice should be repaid by freedom from
insult."

"Well, well, don't be so touchy. I have no
desire to annoy you, even with the truth,
while you are faithfully to my interests; al-
though I am half mad at the ill success of
my efforts to gain your niece's favor, and feel
that you ought to help me more than you
do. You are a woman—have had no little
experience in these things;—tell me how to
win this girl."

"By seeming less anxious to do so. Be
courteous to her, but not exclusive. Talk to
others more, to her less. Do not defer so
openly to her opinions and fancies; and,
above all, do not bring down upon her—at
least, at present—the remarks and congrat-
ulations of the world, which, to ears as sensi-
tive as hers, will sound more like sneers than
good wishes."

"Sneers?"
"Yes. It is the fashion to speak truth, and
I must follow it. You are not so young as
half the men in town who will seek Bea-
trice's hand and money, and they will tell her
so; or, if not they, the women of their fam-
ilies, who will owe her double spite for de-
frauding their sons or brothers of her fortune,
and for securing you."

"Ha! ha! ha! You read the world pretty
shrewdly, Ada. If your niece is half so wise,
we shall make a model pair; for I have come
to the same conclusion as yourself, and have
not the slightest expectation that she will
fall in love with me; only, I expect that as
she really is a sensible girl, she will be duly
sensible of the beauty of a coronet, an old
name, and the best-appointed house in town.
And if she is, I shall be content to let her go
her own way."

"Provided that way is yours?"
"Of course. There are certain bounds
which no woman must pass—*shall pass*—and
his cold eyes flashed—'who belongs to me!'
A word, a look, a breath on my wife's
face, and old as I may be, she shall rue it
her whole life long, and the slanderer wash
out the stain with his blood! But"—and ob-
serving the startled look of his companion,
he recovered himself with a laugh—"this is
nonsense. I have no wife yet, nor none am
like to have, if things go on thus. What am
I to do?"

"As I have already told you. And as a
first step towards practicing my advice, dis-
miss with us to-morrow; devote yourself to some-
body else, and talk your best. Beatrice is a
clever girl, and can appreciate it. Once re-
lieve her from the pressure of your atten-
tions, and she will be at leisure to see them
valued by others—will then court and—"

"I see—I see! Duncan Grey, to wit,
—'She grew hot as he grew cold—
Ha! ha! the wooing o' it!'"

"Thanks! thanks! I'll follow your advice.
Adieu, then, till to-morrow!"

One week, and then another, passed by,
the saddest and wearisome poor Beatrice had
ever spent; for besides the heart-sickness
caused by George's continued silence, which,
in spite of herself, the orphan still hoped
would be broken, and his conduct explained,
the Duke of Carlisle came daily to Mr. Stan-
hope's, and notwithstanding the restraint he
put upon his manner, it was quite evident
what was the attraction.

Not that Beatrice really disliked his Grace,
for whatever he might be to others, to her he
was scrupulously courteous and gentle, and
profiting by her aunt's hints, took care never
to weary her with compliments and atten-
tions; but when tormented by Adela's bad-
inage, her thoughts glanced towards him as a
husband, and contrasted him with one who,
however erring, she still loved deeply, her
very soul recoiled from the idea.

But still, as day after day, first on one pre-
tence, then on another, Carlisle found his
way to the Minister's house, and little by lit-
tle, Mrs. Stanhope, by her judicious silence,
and Adela by her raillery, conspired to raise
a feeling of familiarity between him and Bea-
trice, a certain feeling of respect sprang up in
the girl's mind, which, in time, under skillful
management, and if no such person as George
Conyers had been in existence, might have
ripened into something warmer.

As it was, however, the image of the young
barrier came perpetually between the
heir and every other man; and as no in-
evitable consequence, the Duke made no
progress in his suit.

Matters were in this very unsatisfactory
state, when one morning the Duke's confi-
dential agent waited upon him to present a state-
ment of accounts that might well have dis-
mayed a brave man.

With the look and manner of one who
had already considered the subject over and
over again in all its bearings, and saw but
one way, and that an almost unattainable
one, of getting out of it, the peer listened to
the long and intricate detail of his involve-
ments, the hopeless nature of which he knew
but too well.

"Your Grace will see," said the lawyer at
last, provoked by his client's silence, "that
nothing more can be done. Every acre of
land is encumbered as heavily as it will bear;
and from no imaginable source, that I can
see, is the money to be got to pay off these
enormous claims; while, if the interest on
the mortgages, now so desperately in arrear,
is not paid, the estates will be forced into the
market, sold at a dreadful sacrifice, and noth-
ing be left to keep up the title, but the en-
tailed property."

"I am perfectly aware of it."
"Then what—Pray excuse me, my lord—
but what is to be done?"

"I really can't tell. That's your business."
"Yes, to get money when there is anything
to get it on, but when there is not—"
"Awkward, certainly. Put off these fel-
lows!"

"I have done so ever since I had the hon-
or of your Grace's confidence."
"So you have. Well, I must sell my cor-
onet then, if there's nothing else to sell. That
ought to bring a good price—eh, Morton?"

"Your Grace thinks of marrying?"
"I don't see what else I am to do. The
remedy is not pleasant, but it seems there is
no other."

"None that I am able to suggest."
"Very well. It saves trouble to know the
worst. I hate being bothered with alterna-
tives. Now, therefore, if you have said all
you wish to say, I will wish you good-morn-
ing. I have an appointment in half an hour,
and can do no good worrying myself over
those papers. Good-morning!"

And thus bowed out, the lawyer withdrew,
while his principal leisurely mounted the
gray which was being led about below; and
dismissing his groom, rode off in the direc-
tion of Kilburn, among the green lanes of
which, he could meditate and resolve upon
the step he desired to take.

The evening before he had had a long con-
versation with Mrs. Stanhope, and had left
her house fully determined to propose at once
to Beatrice, for men were hovering round her
whom he felt to be dangerous; but a remark
of Lord Halcombe's, to whom he had men-
tioned his resolution, still rang in his ears,
and disturbed him greatly.

"Think well before you do it, Carlisle,"
the Viscount had said. "Miss Lyle is a beau-
tiful woman, and all such love, and are
loved, before marriage or after. Do you think
you can make her love you?"

"Why not?"
"Because it is not natural, scarcely possible
that a young girl in the first flush of youth
and loveliness, with suitors of her own age,
and of rank sufficient to gratify her ambition,
should voluntarily reject them to choose a
husband old enough—pardon my plain speak-
ing—to be her father. Disappointment, co-
ercion, may make her marry him, but cannot
make her love him."

"It's well all men do not think like you."
"It would be better if they did. To my
mind, marriage is the last thing on earth that
should be made a matter of barter. There-
fore, I say again, take care! You are bent
upon a dangerous experiment. If it fails,
how will you bear it? Remember how often,
in past days, you have ridiculed men who
have done as you desire to do now; and have
said it was monstrous, absurd—a very sinning
against heaven!"

"I was a fool!"
"Take care you are not one, and so make
the past the present tense."

"Bah! I'll take care: the woman does
not live who dares wrong me, and for the
rest I must take my chance. Now, good-
bye; I must go and congratulate Girdle
on that last song."

But although his Grace thus got rid of his
mentor, he could not so easily get rid of his
words.

They haunted him, and might have pre-
served him from cruelties which will leave a
blot upon his name so long as it lives in men's
memories—and Beatrice from years of misery
and insult—had not a messenger met him as
he re-entered London, with a note from Mr.
Morton, saying that Messrs. Cathcart and
Benson, the great jewellers, to whom his
Grace was enormously indebted, had instructed
their lawyer to put an execution into Car-
lisle House for their claim, unless it was paid
or secured within a week.

With an angry oath, muttered between his
teeth, the Duke tore the note to atoms, scat-
tered it to the winds, and rode on.

"Needs must when the devil drives," said
he, at last. "There's no help for it now—I
must have her!"

Meantime, as if the very Fates themselves
had conspired against the hapless object of
all these thoughts and scheming, and doom-
ed this day to be the fatal turning-point in
Beatrice's life—she, too, received a letter,
which, had it been delayed but twelve hours
longer, would have changed the whole color
of her destiny.

But it was not to be.

The existence which had dawned so bright-
ly, was fated to pass its meridian at least in
storm, the shadow of which was even now
gathering in the horizon.

It was a lovely summer day, and Beatrice,
lighter of heart than she had been for weeks,
was sitting beside the open window of her
cousin's boudoir, embroidering, when the
little lady herself danced in, her hands clasp-
ed behind her, exclaiming—

"Guess what I have in my hand?"
"Nothing worth having, I'm sure!"
"Ah, but it is! You would give all the
embroidery you ever did in your life for
it!"

"I don't think I should, for I value my
stitchery at a very high rate, I assure you,
Steen Mah."

"Don't call names, and don't look so hor-
ridly unconcerned; you know I can't bear it.
But guess something. If I had been you, I
should have guessed half the things on the
earth, and under the earth, by this time."

"I dare say; but poor human wits cannot
emulate a fairy's. However, to please you,
I will hazard one guess. A card for the break-
fast at Richmond?"

"No, indeed! The Countess has broken
off her finger, or her nose, or something, and
that's put off. Guess again."

"My bracelet from Cathcart's? Well, if
that is not it, my brains will help me no fur-
ther."

"Once more—only once! Do, Beatrice!
Don't be so stupid!"

"How can I help it? Is it a letter?"
"Yes, yes, yes! Good girl! Here it is;
open it quick, and tell me the news."

"Not I, indeed!" replied Beatrice, with a
gay smile, holding out her hand for the letter,
which she suspected was only some jest of
Adela's. "Do you suppose I am going to be
simple enough to confide my secrets to you?
But what's this?" she cried, turning deathly
pale, as her eye fell on the address; "It is
from Julia!"

"Well, and what then? It is not the first
you have had, and does not contain Medusa's
head, does it?"

Beatrice did not answer; she could not.

A vague, shuddering dread had come over
her; and with that strange instinct which so
often warns us of approaching evil, she knew
that misery was at hand.

Regularly, week after week, had she writ-
ten to Shirley, hoping, poor girl, that from
the replies she should gather somewhat of
the state of affairs there; and occasionally
Julia had answered—although never by a
word alluding to the one subject which she
knew occupied her cousin's mind.

Beatrice, therefore, had no right to believe
this letter any more important than its pre-
decessor; and yet, even while she held it un-
opened in her hand, she felt that within its
folds lay her doom.

For a few moments, little Adela Stanhope,
dismayed by the expression of her cousin's
face, and its ghastly pallor, watched her
silently; then, stealing to her side, she threw
her arms tenderly round the orphan's neck,
saying gently—

"What is it, Bertie, darling—what ails
you?"

"Nothing, nothing!"
"Oh, but there is; you would not look like
this for nothing. Are you afraid of bad
news to this letter? I wish I had not
brought it. Let me take it away and destroy
it!"

"No, no!" she gasped it tighter, and
made an effort to smile. "I am only a little
head-achy; the heliotropes are so power-
ful!"

"So they are," replied the volatile maiden,
springing away to the stand on which they
were placed. "I've told Shaw over and over
again that he suffocates us with all these
flowers. I'll go and send him to remove them
directly. The place smells like Covent Gar-
den Market."

Left once more alone, Beatrice sat for some
time in a painful dream, until at last, with a
sudden impulse of courage, she tore open the
envelope, and read as follows—

"DEAR BEATRICE,—
I dare say you have been thinking me
very remiss for not answering your kind let-
ters before; but the truth is, that although I
have resolved every day to write, I have not
had one moment's time to do so. And this
you will understand, when I tell you that
the fate of my life is at last decided, and I am
preparing for the happiest and most import-
ant event in a woman's existence—that mar-
riage to which I have so long looked forward
with almost despairing hope. My father and
mother have behaved very kindly and lib-
erally—wisely considering that wealth will
not purchase happiness, and that I have
enough money for both."

"Everything therefore, is smooth at last;
and all necessary arrangements being in a
satisfactory state of progress, the wedding
will take place on the twenty-second of next
month—a very brief notice, you will say, but
it is all I impudently; and after what we have
suffered, I do not think it would be kind
or wise to ask any longer delay. Indeed, I
am not sure that I wish it, for my life hitherto
has not been a very bright one, and I have a
constant dread lest the present gleam of sun-
shine should prove as evanescent as others
have been. And, therefore, although I have
now and then some anxieties for the future—
since it is always sad to exchange old ties for
new ones, however dear—still I

NEWS ITEMS.

EXCITEMENT AMONG STEAMBOATERS AT NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans True Delta, of Sunday, has the following:—The new law of the Confederate States requiring steamboats for "foreign" ports to take out clearances, went into effect yesterday, and created no little excitement and comment on the wharf. The most important feature of it seems to be the fee which the custom-house officials never fail to exact.

STEAMER LARSEN.—The captain of the ship Adelaide Bell has sued the proprietors of the New Orleans Crescent for \$50,000 damages, on account of certain repairs in regard to what was alleged to be a Black Republican flag, which was unfurled from the mast head of that vessel.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH, formerly editor of a Milwaukee paper, whose name has been before the country so much in connection with the rescue of a fugitive slave, of escape from prison, and the arrest of numerous decisions of the State and United States Courts, has been released from prison, one of the last acts of Mr. Buchanan's administration. A short time since it was represented that he was becoming insane, but now it is stated that he is looking remarkably well.

H. S. SANFORD'S letter to Thurlow Weed, on a free cotton league for the promotion of the culture of cotton in South and Central America States, has attracted the especial attention of President Montenegro, of Costa Rica, who has ordered inquiries to be made on the practicability of Mr. Sanford's ideas.

THE CITY election at Burlington, N. J., was carried by the Democrats by 100 majority—a large gain.

TWIGGS has declined the appointment of Brigadier Generalship of the Confederate States Army, on account of his feeble health.

A SPECIAL despatch from Little Rock, Arkansas, states that the secession ordinance has been voted down, the yeas being 39 to 35 yeas.

IT was afterwards resolved to submit the question of co-operation or secession to the people of Arkansas, on the first Monday in August.

THE SLAVE CODE in New Mexico.—A letter published in the Missouri Democrat, from Mr. Whitlock, who introduced a bill into the legislature of New Mexico, providing for a repeal of the slave code, says that the bill passed its second reading, although a strong effort was made to suppress it. All parties admitted in the discussion that New Mexico could never become a slave State.

THE LARGE guns purchased by South Carolina in Europe, are said to be on the Susan G. Owens which is likely to become a total wreck, having struck outside the bar.

BY some recent development in the Court of Quarter Sessions at New York, a fact of interest to wine drinkers becomes exposed. A witness employed in a wine store testified that some wine sold by him was made of what was called "turnip juice." This was made to sparkle by gas made from vitriol and marble dust, and then labled champagne.

THE IRON works of Seyfert, McManus & Co., at Reading, Pa., have resumed operations on full time. This being one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the State, we may certainly say that it is a cheering sign for the future.

ANOTHER extraordinary vein of oil is said to have been struck near Titusville, jets of fluid having been thrown into the air as high as one hundred feet, and through a two inch pipe it was ejected with such force as to knock a pall out of the hand of a man who was holding it.

IT was recently decided by the Superior Court in Massachusetts, that one person in the employ of a railroad company could not maintain an action for injuries received through the want of care of other persons also in their employ, if the other persons were proper and suitable men for the company to employ.

"FATHER BESSON," the Indian's advocate, in a recent lecture in this city, was not sparing in denunciation of the lack of zeal of the missionaries to the Indians. Out of thirteen missionaries who went to Oregon, twelve of them neglected the duties of their mission to speculate in lands.

MR. WALDO H. JOHNSON has been elected U. S. Senator from Missouri in the place of the present Senator, Green. After several days' balloting, Mr. Green's name was withdrawn. Mr. Johnson is said to be a Douglas Democrat, and Union man.

THE CHARLOTTE Courier learns, from a despatch received by a mercantile house of that city, that the proper officers at the custom-house at Havre have notified merchants that ships from the seceded States of America will be admitted on the same footing as those carrying the Federal flag.

AN ORDINANCE to submit the permanent Constitution of the Southern Confederacy to the people of Louisiana for their ratification or rejection was defeated in the State Convention.

THE SOUTHERN Confederation new tariff bill was not passed into a law. It will be up for action when the Congress again meets.

THE WELL known case of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, in England, has ended in a divorce.

TEXAS.—The vote from 84 counties is 34,796 for secession, 11,225 against it. Only counties are to be heard from, which, it is believed, will increase the secession majority.

ANY number of propositions were laid before the Cabinet to supply provisions and men for the relief of Fort Sumter—they were referred to a board of officers of the army and navy.

NOT long since Naples was the scene of a dreadful murder, of which the exact cause remains undiscovered. One of the most beautiful and wealthiest girls in Naples, at the moment of returning from the San Carlo Theatre in the evening, was shot at by a man of her own house, by a pistol ball, which passed right through her heart. The dress and face of the unhappy mother were splashed with her daughter's blood, and she found that she was holding in her arms a corpse. The girl gave one piercing cry, and expired.

THE BOSTON Society for Medical Improvement has published a circular calling upon physicians to report their observations on the effect of ether upon patients. It has been stated that it is more safe to use than chloroform.

MISS ELLEN SMITH, of Boston, Mass., has just recovered \$4,000 of Francis Clementson, for breach of promise of marriage, after 20 years' courtship. Two hundred dollars a year, and all the pleasures of courtship thrown in!

YANKEE NOTIONS.—In the town of Concord, Mass., according to the recent census returns, there are annually manufactured 100,000 pairs, and 75,000 pairs, worth \$14,000; 2,000 gross of pencils, worth \$4,000; 2,000 packs of gold leaf, worth \$14,000.

COOLIES FOR GEORGIA.—The ship Good Hope, Captain Miller, was off Port Morant, Jamaica, on the 4th inst., on her way from Calcutta, E. I., to Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of Coolies. This is said to be the first cargo of Coolies ever shipped for this country.

A POSTMASTER BY POPULAR VOTE.—An election was held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, a few days ago, in compliance with what has been announced to be the wish of Mr. Lincoln, to determine who should receive the appointment of Postmaster. There were three candidates—two very respectable and popular gentlemen, and a lady named Mrs. Ramsey. The latter was elected by about 25 majority.

WORK has been stopped on the public buildings in South Carolina, as the State Bonds, issued for the purpose of constructing her State House, cannot be sold.

BY the recent decision of the Supreme Court, confirming the title of Robert J. Walker to certain quicksilver mines in California, that gentleman has become possessed of property for which two millions of dollars was at one time offered.

THE NEW TARIFF.—The estimates of the Department make a revenue of \$63,000,000 from the new law, calculated upon the basis of the importations of 1859—an increase of \$16,000,000 upon the revenue of that year, which does not prove, however, that the new bill is higher in rates than those of 1846, reduced to their equivalents in specifics; but the difference of productivity arises from the fact that the rough undervaluation of the and valorem system reduced the revenue to that amount at least.

BY proclamation of General Bragg, of the Pensacola secession forces, all vessels are prohibited from furnishing supplies to the U. S. States war vessels off Pensacola or Fort Pickens, under penalty of forfeiture and confiscation.

IT seems by an advertisement of the Secretary of the Southern Confederacy that no portion of the loan of \$15,000,000, authorized by the Montgomery Congress, has been yet taken.

MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—This institution, organized in 1802, for the purpose of advancing military art, science, and literature, is one of the most thorough institutions of the kind in the world. Its faculty consists of an Inspector, who is commander of the corps of Engineers, with an academic staff of thirty-five officers of the army, of different grades, and eight civilians, who act as instructors or professors. There are also one chaplain and two surgeons, who are attached to the military staff. There are five classes of cadets, numbering about 300, who usually receive their appointments from the various Congressional districts of the Union, some few being appointed at large. The term of study is five years, and the service appointments at the end of the term vary according to the standing of the cadet as regards proficiency in study and deportment. Those most distinguished are recommended to the Engineers and Artillery, which are the scientific corps of the army. Next in order come the Dragoons and Cavalry, and lastly the Infantry. Many, however, do not remain in the army, but retire into civil life, and hold positions as civil engineers, professors, and scientific men.

COURSE of study pursued is as follows: Fortification, military science and art, law and literature, mineralogy and geology, ordnance and the science of gunnery, infantry, cavalry and artillery tactics, equitation, &c.; civil engineering, ethics, literature, logic, &c.; electricity and chemistry, drawing, natural and experimental philosophy, French, Spanish, mathematics, rhetoric, history, geography, and others.

LAST DEFINITION OF THE WORD ABOLITIONIST.—The editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, a monthly magazine, published in Richmond, Virginia, and devoted to Literature, Science and Art, found occasion, recently, to charge "The Century," a weekly newspaper of New York, with being "thoroughly and hopelessly abolitionized," and being desired to withdraw his charge, declines, but gives instead his definition of the word Abolitionist. "An Abolitionist," he says, "is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the corner stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be erected; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth, as a means of human reformation, second in dignity, importance and sacredness alone to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love, is an Abolitionist."

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—The following amendment to a resolution was voted down in the Missouri Convention, by 30 yeas to 61 nays:—
"And further believing the fate of Missouri depends upon a peaceful adjustment of our present difficulties she will never countenance or aid the seceding States in making war upon the General Government, nor will she participate in money for the purpose of aiding the General Government in any attempt to coerce a seceding State."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Sales of some 6000 bbls. in lots, at \$6.65, 12½¢ for common mixed and good straight superfine, and \$5.25, 50¢ for extra to brand, including 500 bbls of the latter, city mills, and 2000 bbls Western Family Flour, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extra, \$5.82, 50¢, 87½¢ for family, and \$6.65, 25¢ for fancy brands. Rye Flour, in close, quiet at \$3.25, 25¢. Rye Flour, in bulk, and selling in a small way only at \$3.50, 60¢, 25¢, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, with a few small lots. Prime Meal only to note at \$2.87½, 50¢, at which rate it is held.

GRAIN.—There has been rather more activity in Wheat, about 38,000 bush have been taken, principally for shipment, at \$1.26, 10¢ for fair to good, and prime Western and Penna. Rode, \$1.20 for Southern, which would now bring more and from \$1.25 to \$1.50 for White, as in quality, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is dull, and Penna. is arriving and selling slowly at 60¢, 50¢. A sale of 1000 bush of 70¢. Corn is better and more active, and about 50,000 bush sold at 55¢, 50¢ for Yellow, in the cars and in store, and 57¢, 50¢ for do., including inferior lots at 45¢, 50¢. White at 55¢, 50¢, and 40¢ Yellow, in small lots, mostly in store. Oats are in fair request, and 18,000 bush sold at 31¢, 20¢ for Southern, and 32¢, 20¢ for Penna., mostly of the latter. Barley is scarce, with small receipts and sales of prime at 75¢. Mill Feed is quiet.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for the Hog product generally continues of a very limited character, and the sales of barreled meats are in a small way only at \$1.75, 10¢ for Mess Pork, and \$1.25, 10¢ for do. Bacon is quiet at \$6.00, 10¢. Of Bacon the sales are light at 11¢, 12¢ for plain and fancy hams, 10¢, 10¢ for sides, and 80¢, 50¢ for Shoulders, under terms. Green meats are more active, and prices about the same, with sales of 500 sacks and 450,000 lbs salted Shoulders and Sides at 65¢, 60¢ for the former, and 55¢, 60¢ for the latter, on time. Hams range at 10¢, 90¢ in salt and pickle, with small sales. Lard is dull at 10¢, 10¢ for tallow, and 11¢, 10¢ in kegs, and very little selling. Butter remains unchanged, retail selling freely at 10¢, 10¢, as in quality, 10¢, 10¢ packed solid at 10¢. Cheese is more active, but rather lower, with sales of 1500 boxes at 95¢, 10¢, as in quality. Eggs are in fair demand at 12¢, 10¢, which is a decline.

COTTON.—Sales of about 1000 bales, in lots, from 95 to 145¢ for Uplands and Guineas, cash and four mo., mostly of the former, within the range of 11½¢, 10½¢, cash, the latter for middling fair.

ASHES.—The demand is steady, and the market is firm. Sales of Pot at \$5, 25¢, and Pearls at \$3, 10¢.

HARK.—The demand for Quercitron having fallen off, the market is quiet, and first No. 1, nearly nominal at \$20, 10¢. Buyers now offer little. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEEWAX.—Good Yellow is wanted at 35¢, but generally held higher, and we hear of no sales.

COAL.—There is some little inquiry for shipment. Schuykill White Ash Lump at 10¢, 10¢, 10¢.

PREPARED do \$3.00, 25¢, Red Ash do \$3.00, 25¢, 20¢, Lohg Lump do \$3.00, 25¢, Prepared do \$3.00, 25¢, by retail do \$4.50, Schuykill Prepared do \$3.00, 25¢.

COFFEE.—There is very little arriving. The sales are limited to some 3000 bags in lots at 11½¢, 10¢ for Rio and 14½¢, 10¢ for Laguayra, on time, and some Jamaica at 15½¢, usual credit.

COPPER. is dull, but without any change to note in either Brassy or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS are unchanged, and good Western move off slowly at 45¢, 40¢, as to lots.

FRUIT.—The demand continues limited, some large lot of Dried Apples and Peaches have been closed out at low prices, including the former at 20¢, 10¢, and the latter at 40¢, 45¢.

PIRSES.—Prices same as last week.

HEMP. is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue light at the decline, prices ranging at 24¢, 20¢ for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is light, and old Hops very dull.

IRON.—There is some inquiry for Pig Metal, we quote Anthracite No. 1 at \$21, 00¢, and No. 2 at \$20, 25¢, usual terms, with sales of about 1000 tons at our lowest figures, and 500 tons Glendon Gray Pig at \$22, 60¢. In Scotch Pig there is a limited business doing at \$23, 25¢ a ton. Bars and rails are more active.

LEAD is firmly held, with a light stock to operate in, and 2000 pigs Galena have been disposed of at a price kept private.

CUMBER.—Business is rather more active. Among the sales are some Hemlock raft lumber at \$70, 25¢, White Pine Boards at \$14, 10¢, Yellow Map do at \$14, 10¢, and Laths, in lots, at \$1, 00¢, 1, 50¢.

MOLASSES continue dull, but sales of 500 bbls Cuba have been made, mostly on terms kept private, and 150 bbls New Orleans, to come from another market, at 34¢, usual credit.

PLASTER.—There is little or none arriving or selling, and the market is at a stand still.

RICE is less active, and sales of 1800 sacks are reported in lots, mostly at 40¢, 45¢, cash and time.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed, has fallen off, and only about 1500 bush found buyers at \$4, 75¢, 85¢, including some small second hands at \$5, 25¢, and one lot at \$6, 25¢.

Timothy is scarce and selling at \$3, 25¢, and domestic Flaxseed at \$1, 50¢, the receipts of both being very light.

SPICES.—There is very little movement in foreign, owing to the firmness of holders, and the sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, but at very full prices. N. E. Rum moves off slowly at 30¢, 25¢. Whiskey is firmer, with light receipts, and sales of 45,000, 50¢, including some small lots of Porto Rico at 55¢, and New Orleans at 50¢, all on the usual terms. The stock is very much reduced.

TALLOW is rather better and more active, sales of city having been made at 9½¢, and country at 8½¢, 10¢.

TOBACCO is unchanged, and a small business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at quotations.

WOOL.—There is a limited inquiry from manufacturers, and little or nothing doing, a few small sales of fleece, mostly mixed lots, having been made at about previous rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1594 head. Prices varying from \$7 to 9, 00¢ a wt. 60 Cows were sold at \$20 to 40, 00¢ head. 3500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 8 to 10, 00¢ a head. 1000 Hogs brought from \$6 to 7, 50¢ for still fed, and from \$7 to 8, 00¢ for corn fed.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 23.—FLOUR in 10,000 bbls sold at \$5, 10¢, 15¢ for State, \$5, 50¢, 50¢ for Ohio, and \$5, 50¢, 50¢ for Southern. Wheat advanced 10¢, 20¢; market firm, 30,000 bush sold. Corn advanced 10¢, 20¢; 1000 bush sold at 60¢, 50¢. Whiskey steady at 17½¢.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Crawford, Mr. O. S. HUBBELL, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. FRANCES E. HUBBELL, daughter of S. Nixon, Esq., of New York.

At Friends' meeting-house, Deer Creek, Harford county, Md. ABE J. HOPKINS, of Baltimore, to JANE, daughter of the late Caleb H. Canby, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. H. FURNESS, GEORGE W. YORK, M. D. of Danville, N. Y. to MARY A. HOMER, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, March 19, 1861, by the Rev. E. W. HUTCHER, Mr. THOMAS WALLACE, of Philadelphia, to Miss BARBARA A. YOST, of Palmyra, Burlington county, N. J.

February 17, by the Rev. James Cunningham, JOHN P. ALBRIGHT, to ANN E. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. S. Y. MONROE, SAMUEL S. E. COWPERTHWAITE, to AMANDA MYERS, both of Camden, N. J.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. Sheehy, Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Mr. EDWARD J. SELBY, to Miss MARGARET REED, both of this city.

At Bristol, Pa. on Wednesday, March 20, CATHERINE A. wife of Robt. C. Beatty, aged 53.

On the morning of the 19th instant, SARAH J. wife of Jos. J. Gillingham, aged 30.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 19, ELIZABETH A. wife of Geo. W. Steever, and daughter of the late Capt. John L. Ferguson.

Suddenly, on Wednesday, the 13th instant, at Gambier, Ohio, ROBERT CLEMENTS, M. D. of Philadelphia, Pa. in his 35th year.

On the morning of the 16th instant, LEWIS LEVY, in his 82d year.

At his residence, on Church Lane, German town, on the 15th instant, GEORGE F. MENKEN, in his 44th year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of R. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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HENRY TAYLOR, New Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, No. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE H. LEWIS, 28 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
MCNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONDUCTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

U. S. 5% 1867	100	100	RAILROAD STOCKS		
U. S. 5% 1868	100	100	Am. Express	100	100
U. S. 5% 1869	100	100	Am. Fruit	100	100
U. S. 5% 1870	100	100	Am. Ice	100	100
U. S. 5% 1871	100	100	Am. Oil	100	100
U. S. 5% 1872	100	100	Am. Sugar	100	100
U. S. 5% 1873	100	100	Am. Tobacco	100	100
U. S. 5% 1874	100	100	Am. Wine	100	100
U. S. 5% 1875	100	100	Am. Whiskey	100	100
U. S. 5% 1876	100	100	Am. Tea	100	100
U. S. 5% 1877	100	100	Am. Coffee	100	100
U. S. 5% 1878	100	100	Am. Spices	100	100
U. S. 5% 1879	100	100	Am. Hides	100	100
U. S. 5% 1880	100	100	Am. Furs	100	100
U. S. 5% 1881	100	100	Am. Pearls	100	100
U. S. 5% 1882	100	100	Am. Diamonds	100	100
U. S. 5% 1883	100	100	Am. Jewels	100	100
U. S. 5% 1884	100	100	Am. Clocks	100	100
U. S. 5% 1885	100	100	Am. Watches	100	100
U. S. 5% 1886	100	100	Am. Toys	100	100
U. S. 5% 1887	100	100	Am. Games	100	100
U. S. 5% 1888	100	100	Am. Books	100	100
U. S. 5% 1889	100	100	Am. Maps	100	100
U. S. 5% 1890	100	100	Am. Globes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1891	100	100	Am. Instruments	100	100
U. S. 5% 1892	100	100	Am. Machines	100	100
U. S. 5% 1893	100	100	Am. Tools	100	100
U. S. 5% 1894	100	100	Am. Hardware	100	100
U. S. 5% 1895	100	100	Am. Paints	100	100
U. S. 5% 1896	100	100	Am. Oils	100	100
U. S. 5% 1897	100	100	Am. Varnishes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1898	100	100	Am. Glazes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1899	100	100	Am. Stains	100	100
U. S. 5% 1900	100	100	Am. Colors	100	100
U. S. 5% 1901	100	100	Am. Pigments	100	100
U. S. 5% 1902	100	100	Am. Resins	100	100
U. S. 5% 1903	100	100	Am. Gums	100	100
U. S. 5% 1904	100	100	Am. Waxes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1905	100	100	Am. Soaps	100	100
U. S. 5% 1906	100	100	Am. Detergents	100	100
U. S. 5% 1907	100	100	Am. Perfumes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1908	100	100	Am. Cosmetics	100	100
U. S. 5% 1909	100	100	Am. Hair Oils	100	100
U. S. 5% 1910	100	100	Am. Hair Creams	100	100
U. S. 5% 1911	100	100	Am. Hair Lotions	100	100
U. S. 5% 1912	100	100	Am. Hair Shampoos	100	100
U. S. 5% 1913	100	100	Am. Hair Conditioners	100	100
U. S. 5% 1914	100	100	Am. Hair Styling	100	100
U. S. 5% 1915	100	100	Am. Hair Care	100	100
U. S. 5% 1916	100	100	Am. Hair Products	100	100
U. S. 5% 1917	100	100	Am. Hair Accessories	100	100
U. S. 5% 1918	100	100	Am. Hair Combs	100	100
U. S. 5% 1919	100	100	Am. Hair Brushes	100	100
U. S. 5% 1920	100	100	Am. Hair Ties	100	100
U. S. 5% 1921	100	100	Am. Hair Clips	100	100
U. S. 5% 1922	100	100	Am. Hair Bands	100	100
U. S. 5% 1923	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands	100	100
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U. S. 5% 2060	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands	100	100
U. S. 5% 2061	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands	100	100
U. S. 5% 2062	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands	100	100
U. S. 5% 2063	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands	100	100
U. S. 5% 2064	100	100	Am. Hair Headbands		

Oil and Humor.

THE TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies and especially the book of Revelation. Putting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got special revelation to go and convert Dean Swift; and the next morning, took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible open before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice, the message—"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—" "Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," continued the Dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor; he rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelations, by the wit of the Dean.

PULPIT GRAVITY.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trumpet of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice—

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation—

"I don't see, I spec' it is dis here child; but, indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said—

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."

"Thank God!" proudly ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

THE SPREADING OF A REPORT.—The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailliffs out, whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken into execution; and that it was killing his poor, dear wife; and so it went on, increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

A CONSIDERUM.—"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis considerum; suppose I giv you a bottle of whiskey corked shut wid a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I giv dat up!"

"Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

THE HANNOVER.—A curious inquirer has been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a moustache. Having questioned not fewer than 1,000 persons so adorned, their answers have helped him to the following result:

- To avoid catching cold—31.
- To hide their teeth—5.
- To take away a prominent nose—7.
- To avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad—7.
- Because they are in the army—6.
- Because they are rifle volunteers—221.
- Because Prince Albert does it—2.
- Because it is artistic—29.
- Because they were singers—3.
- Because they travel—17.
- Because they lived on the Continent—1.
- Because the wife likes it—8.
- Because they have got weak lungs—5.
- Because it acts as a respirator—39.
- Because it is healthy—77.
- Because the young ladies admire it—471.
- Because it is considered "the thing"—10.
- To avoid shaving—69.
- Because his uncle did not—1.

A DIVORCED MAN.—Sir Charles Lyell gives the following story of a certain party seated by a reserved companion in a railway carriage, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said—

"Are you a bachelor?"

"No, I'm not," replied the other, drily.

"You are a married man?" continued he.

"No, I'm not."

"Then you must be a widower?"

"No, I'm not."

Here there was a short pause—but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—

"If you are neither a bachelor nor a married man nor a widower, what in the world can you be?"

"If you must know," said the other, "I'm a divorced man."

A PUZZLE.—A just but a severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whether he was going. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows."

"Now," said the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision he came to.

THE TWO CAKES.—"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course, she thought it was time to speak—

"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Mary's?"

"Why, I eat hers up first."

THE BRAIN.

One of the readiest roads to the head is through the lungs. You may reach the brain in a minute with chloroform, for example.—The power of this drug is something marvelous. When under its influence, a man may have his limb cut off without any sensation whatever, and even when he recovers from the artificial trance, he may still have neither pain nor uneasiness. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind, people have no remembrance of anything done by them during the fit. During the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all but completely torpid. The something happens after the anæsthetic sleep of chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after amputation performed on a patient under chloroform. The same man who felt no pain in the stump either during or after the operation, may continue for many successive months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which his limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this—if seized by his old enemy during sleep, he may wake, exclaiming—"Oh, my leg, my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on!" More curious still, he may tell you he can, so far as his own feelings are concerned, actually move the foot of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove: 1. That the brain is the source of all motion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they prove, inversely, 2. That the brain is the source of rest and remission, sleep included; they further prove, 3. That the brain is the source of all paroxysmal recurrence, whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.—*London Medical Practice.*

HORSE EATING.—In France and Germany, of late, the practice of eating horse flesh has been somewhat gaining ground. In some German towns the market-price of horse-flesh is regularly quoted in the price current column of local newspapers. Custom and prejudice have something to do with one's repugnance to horse flesh, but there also seems to be a real, sound objection, so far as plain roast and boiled horse-beef is concerned. A Frenchman, M. Bellat, has been trying to discover the extent to which prejudice is concerned, and to what extent there is a real positive objection. He says that horse-beef is black and stringy, and not easily digestible. He, however, praises horse soup, and advises that horse-flesh for human aliment should either be converted into soup, or, what is pretty much the same thing, into concentrated meat essence. He, however, states (a very curious thing, if true), that not even good soup or good meat essence can be made from the flesh of white horses.

It is the custom in Denmark to keep the graves covered with white sand, on which are placed wreaths and flower pots.



HARRY VERDANT, late of the maternal mansion, but now trying to be a man, whose thoughtful mother has heretofore attended to his linen wants, goes for the first time into a store to order some shirts to be made.

YOUNG LADY (in waiting).—It's necessary that we should have the exact size, sir!

H. V.—Goodness gracious! must I stow?

DOLLAR JEWELRY.—THE GOLD THAT

COPPER KETTLES ARE MADE OF.—Orléans is a new metallic alloy, extensively used in this country as a substitute for gold. Stores have sprung into existence for the sale of it, and newspapers contain flaming advertisements of a "full set of jewelry for only one dollar, being the stock of a large manufacturer, who is obliged to dispose of his stock on account of the panic." It is a French discovery, but is manufactured to a large extent in Waterbury, Connecticut. It bears a very close resemblance to gold in color, density, and fineness of grain; so close that it deceives every one but practical dealers or experts, although there is not a single particle of gold in it. The fineness of grain in this alloy gives to those objects of art composed of it a delicacy and a purity of detail that cannot be obtained from bronze. The alloy is ductile and malleable, and can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder, or leaves, or treated in any other way the artisan may desire. An immense amount of dollar jewelry is now being manufactured out of this city and sold South and West.—*New York Leader.*

GIVE ME DRINK.—McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language into the mouth of those who visit the rum-seller's den—

"There's my money—give me drink!"

"There's my clothing and food—give me drink!"

"There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink!"

"There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink!"

"There is the money I have robbed from the school-master, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the storekeeper—give me drink!"

"Pour me out drink, for more will I pay for it."

"There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian—I will give up all—give me drink!"

"More yet have I to give. There is my Heavenly inheritance, and the everlasting friendship of the redeemed—there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is good, great and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk!"

THE ANCIENT STAGE.—The stage in other days presented many contrasts to the stage in ours. It consisted of three platforms. On the uppermost of these, the Supreme Being was represented seated on His throne. On the second platform appeared angels and "the spirits of just men made perfect." The third was set apart for mortal men and women, and at the side of this lowest platform yawned a huge cavern, called the "Mouth of Hell." From this cavern issued smoke and flame, groans and yells. Into its depths sinners were precipitated. In and out of its recesses the arch fiend and a troop of his iops were constantly capering, and exciting by their jokes and pantomimic gestures the uproarious laughter of the audience.

Agricultural.

GROOMING A HORSE.

"What do you give your horses to keep them in such fine condition?" asked a young farmer of his neighbor, whose team of bays were the pride of their owner, and the admiration of the village. "Oats, carrots, and plenty of brush," was the reply. There is little need of insisting on the necessity of good food, and plenty of it, to have a horse remain vigorous. Every one knows that bone and sinew, and muscle are manufactured from hay, oats, corn, &c., and that the raw material must be supplied to produce the strong limb, elastic step, and noble spirit, which makes a fine horse the universal favorite. But the important part which the skin bears in the animal economy, and the necessity of properly cleansing and keeping it in healthy condition, are not fully appreciated. Rough staring coats, "grease" or "scratches," inflammations, and a whole catalogue of diseases, find their origin in neglect of proper grooming.

The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, not only affords protection to the parts within, but by the pores affords an outlet to a large part of the waste of the body. In our door life, the natural state of the horse, this membrane becomes thickened and tough, capable of resisting changes of temperature; and by continual exercise, the pores are kept open, giving free exit to all the exhalations. But this alone will not give the smooth glossy coat which adds so greatly to the animal's beauty. Confining the horse to the stable, is generally done for at least part of the year, renders his skin tender, especially when he is kept warmly blanketed. Expose him now to great change of temperature; take him out and drive him until heated, return him to the stable, and let him stand uncared for over night, even for an hour, the sensitive skin is rapidly chilled by the evaporation of the sweat, the pores are suddenly closed, and often a cold, a rheumatic stiffness, or other disorder, results. Proper grooming prevents this, by toughening the skin, keeping it in healthy action, equalizing the circulation, removing obstruction from the pores, and what is of great importance, by rousing the action of the muscles at the surface, in some measure, compensates for the want of exercise, consequent upon stable life.

Currying and brushing should not be done in the stable; the dust and scurf will be scattered in the manger to mix with the horse feed, besides keeping the stable uncleanly. Take the animal into the open air, tie him securely, and handle him so gently that he will enjoy, rather than dread, the application of the comb and brush. A sharp curry-comb, roughly scraped over the tender skin, is anything but pleasant, as the skin and underlying animal will soon show. Apply this instrument lightly, and depend mainly on the free use of the brush. Begin at the head, and pass the comb lightly up and down, until the dandruff is all loosened, and remove it with the brush. Be particular around the edges of the foretop, and the mane. It is a good plan to sponge off the head and ears, using but little water, smoothing the hair down to its natural position. In going over the back, quarters, loins, &c., use the comb in one hand and the brush in the other, working lightly and quickly. Take much pains where the skin lies in fold, as at the union of the legs with the body—let every part be made thoroughly free from dust and dandruff. Finish by rubbing down vigorously with wisps of straw, until the hair "shines like a bottle"—an extra smoothing touch may be put on with a woolen cloth. Do not fear all this trouble; it will be more than repaid in the extra looks and spirit of the horse.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHITEWASH.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:—Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Shake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water; and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unsightly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine, or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds umber—Turkish or American, the latter is the cheaper—one pound Indian red, and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds raw umber, and two pounds lampblack. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash-brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash.—*Chemical Gazette.*

STEAMING FOOD FOR STOCK.—The Springfield Republican states that William Birnie has wintered 42 cattle, 3 horses, and 4 sheep, on the produce of 60 acres of land, which allowing the whole stock to equal 38 cows, gives about an acre and a-half of land for the annual sustenance of each animal. Wheat bran and oil-meal are purchased and used for the stock, which is balanced by the disposal of corn and hay of equal value. The amount of fodder consumed daily by Mr. B.'s stock is stated as follows:—

278 lbs. of chaffed corn-fodder and straw	\$1.80
77 lbs. long hay	70
120 lbs. wheat bran	1.30
10 lbs. oil meal	17
10 lbs. cob meal	12
30 bus. roots	2.00
Fuel for steaming the above	40
Total	\$6.48

Which makes a cost of about 17 cents a day for each animal. It is stated that the stock is in fine condition, and that the quantity of milk diminishes when steamed food is withheld. Mr. B. generally cooks twenty bushels of roots per day for his stock, and on feeding, by way of experiment, the same quantity raw for three weeks, there was a diminution equal to a quart of milk a day to each cow.

A "WOODEN" STORY.—We have heard of wooden nutmegs—and, to bring it nearer the subject of our story, we have heard of our transatlantic cousins indulging in wooden hams; but Jonathan, we should fancy, never accomplished so wonderful a feat as that recorded by a correspondent:—

"A fine sow, having twelve sucking pigs, belonging to a pork merchant in Monkwearmouth, was taken ill, and died suddenly. The proprietor, who is an ingenious character, set to work and formed a rough model of a sow in wood, being hollow in the centre, the abdomen being furnished with twelve teats, cleverly formed of rawhide. The interior of the model is kept filled with milk, and the whole of the young pigs suck from the teats of this singular-looking wooden sow, and all are thriving well."—*Mark Lane Express.*

Useful Receipts.

OX CHEEK IN BAKING PAN.—Get half a one ready boned; if not to be had, get the half head with the bone—in which case they should be broken small, and put in the broth; but it gives more trouble than it is worth.—The solid meat is more economical. Wash it well, cut off the white part, put the cheek in the pan, and proceed exactly as above, only give it three or four hours to bake. A little mixed spice improves the flavor. Take the fat off, remove the meat, cut it into small pieces, put it into the tureen, and pour the broth over.

CHEAP PEA SOUP.—Put into the iron pot two ounces of dripping, one quarter of a pound of bacon, cut into dice, two good onions sliced; fry them gently until brownish, then add one large or two small turnips, the same of carrots, one leek, and one head of celery, all cut thin and slanting (if all these cannot be obtained, use any of them, but about the same amount); fry for ten minutes more, and then add seven quarts of water; boil up, and add one pound and a-half of split peas; simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the peas; then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, one of dried mint; mix half a pound of flour smooth in a pint of water; stir it well; pour in the soup, boil thirty minutes, and serve.

PEA SOUP, MEASURE.—Precisely as above, only oil or butter used instead of bacon or dripping; skim milk could with advantage be used, in which case add three ounces of salt. Although this is entirely deprived of animal substances, yet the farinaceous ingredients, with the addition of bread, will act generously on the digestive organs, satisfying the heartiest eater.—*Singer's Cookery for the People.*

TO PREVENT DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sassafras bark (say a large handful to a bushel), will save for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

CASES OF CANCER.—Plenty of good wholesome food, a well-drained, well-ventilated house, pure country air, extreme cleanliness of person and clothing, sufficient exercise, clothing which exerts no injurious pressure on the diseased part, with mental occupation and amusement, will do a great deal towards the formation of healthy blood, the deposit of healthy tissues from it, and the removal of effete matter or formations of a low aplastic character.

TO WHITEN LINES.—Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft, clear, warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

STARCHING.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, put it in a pitcher, and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night; in the morning pour it into a bottle and cork it; a tablespoonful of it put in a pot of ordinary starch will improve it very much.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 15 letters.

My 4, 1, 10, 6, 2, was the muse who presided over the songs of lovers.

My 7, 5, 14, 11, 2, 15, was a sea demigod, the son and trumpeter of Neptune.

My 15, 14, 2, 8, 16, was the daughter of Tantalus, who through grief at the death of her children, wept herself into a stone.

My 2, 8, 14, 2, 13, was a celebrated hunter.

My 12, 13, 15, was the god of shepherds.

My 10, 7, 9, was the goddess of mischief, who was cast down from Heaven by Jupiter.

My whole is the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

ALBERT M. MARTIN.

Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 28 letters.

My 4, 21, 7, 18, 6, is found in the human body.

My 9, 10, is a preposition.

My 9, 2, 5, 9, is one of the United States.

My 16, 5, 17, 18, 9, is a musical instrument.

My 2, 19, 24, 19, is the goddess of youth.

My 4, 5, 19, 18, 17, is a city in Europe.

My 1, 9, 23, 17, 8, 9, is a vegetable.

My 16, 17, 11, 5, is a celebrated opera singer.

My 14, 17, 23, 13, 26, is a man's name.

My 12, 15, 16, 16, 28, is what we all wish to be.

My 16, 5, 20, 15, is a celebrated leaning tower.

My 14, 25, 28, is a bird.

My 9, 11, 18, 15, is a celebrated volcano.

My 27, 5, 18, is what we all do.

My whole was an event in American history.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 39 letters.

My 1, 8, 6, 35, 21, 38, 10, 28, 5, 36, is a town in England.

My 13, 24, 37, is a river in Prussia.

My 20, 13, 11, 31, 4, 6, is a lake in Sweden.

My 26, 34, 6, 37, 16, is a county in Scotland.

My 23, 19, 36, 14, 4, 6, 3, 37, 25, 39, is a county in England.

My 3, 25, 20, 2, is a town in China.

My 36, 12, 19, 32, 31, 29, 7, is a town in Hindostan.

My 9, 15, 27, 31, 29, 7, is a town in Kentucky.

My 17, 15, 25, 3, 32, 39, is a sea in Asia.

My whole is an old saying.

EDWARD NEWTON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first on foreign churches you may greet; At home it's seldom found in church or street; My second off is used by household care, To make old garments fit for folks to wear; My whole may well describe ill-humored folks, Who knit their brows at puns, charades and jokes.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

AAAAHHHHNNPPZZTE.

No name of nation nor of place, I by these letters mean; But if you do them rightly trace, And put each letter in its place, A word will then be seen. To know what word these letters spell, Read your Bible, that will tell— And when you search the Scriptures round, It only once can there be found.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Is one of the great oceans; Is a city in Scotland; Is a sea-weed; Is a city in Arabia; Is one of the United States. The initials form the name of a city in the old world; the finals the place of situation.

WILLIAM T. TOTTER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Three men, A, B and C, agree to reap a field of grain for \$39.68; A and B calculate that they can do 4.5 of the labor; A and C, that they can do 2.3; and B and C, that they can do 3.5 of it. How much can each receive according to these estimates?

Minor Dale, Pa.

J. F. H.

An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. What number is that to which if you add 5.7 of 7.9 of itself, the sum will be 136? PETER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Given, a board 20 feet long, 2 feet wide at one end, and 1 foot at the other. Where shall it be cut so that there may be an equal number of feet in each of the two pieces?—i. e., how far from the smaller end or from the wider end must it be cut to give equal areas in each part?

Waukesha, Wis.

S. M. WHITE.

An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a clergyman near the end of his sermon like a boy who has rent his integruments? Ans.—Because he's tired his clothes (to'w'd his close).

When is a negro not a negro? Ans.—When he's a battin' (button).

Why is the letter g like matrimony? Ans.—Because it is the end of courtin'.

Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Ans.—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Clinton Liberal Institute, Oneida County, New York. REBUS—Illinois—(Italy, Land's End, Long, Indian, North, Ontario, Indus, Sena.) CHARADE—Court-house. DOUBLE REBUS—Petchers, in Europe—(Petchill, Ehrenbreitstein, Tennessee, Corfu, Hanover, Ohio, Bangor, Abbeville.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—15.22.

It has been decided that a blind black man, in a dark cellar, with a dark lantern, looking for a blind black cat, constitutes a very "dark transaction."